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Desert

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THE COVER

One of hundreds of spectacular sights on Lake Powell, between the Utah and Arizona border, is the famous Hole-in-the-Rock, where the intrepid Mormons in 1880 lowered covered wagons down the sheer precipice enroute to Bluff, Utah. Formed by the Glen Canyon Dam, Lake Powell is one of America's finest lakes for all types of family fun. Photo by Jack Pepper.

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DESERT'S VACATION MAP

Each mark on this map represents an article in this issue. The number adjacent to the mark is the page number on which the story appears



New Books for Desert Readers

CAMPING AND CLIMBING IN BAJA

By John W. Robinson

Containing excellent maps and good black and white photos, this guidebook to the Sierra San Pedro Martir and the Sierra Juarez of upper Baja California will lure any reader with a strong set of muscles and a sense of adventure up into these mountains that rise below the California border. There are mission ruins to find, wild animal tracks to follow, and, perhaps, history to be made. Much of this land is unexplored and unmapped still, although the author has covered it pretty well on his numerous hiking expeditions.

Not only is the book for climbers, however. It also shows car routes to famous ranches, such as the Meling Ranch, and camping spots in palm studded canyons where trout streams tempt weekend tourists who aren't up to the hike. Paperback, 96 pages, \$2.95.

THE BOOK OF CHILAM BALAM OF CHUMAYEL

By Ralph L. Roys

Most important of the native literature of Yucatan are the sacred Books of Chilam Balam, for they contain much of what the Maya Indian remembered of his old culture. Written in the Maya language, they contain historical and ethnological material as well as the reaction of the natives to the European culture introduced by the Spanish Conquest.

This book takes its name from a village in the District of Tekax. Although it dates only from 1782, it contains comparatively little of the intrusive European material which predominates in the other Books of Chilam Balam. It is rich in Maya rituals, history and traditions and has been superbly translated by the author.

Included with the text and many, many footnotes are drawings of figures copied from various temples and artifacts of the Maya civilization. Large format with 230 pages, this is a scholarly book and not recommended for the "light" reader. \$6.95.

Books reviewed may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Order Department, Palm Desert, California 92260. Please include 25c for handling. California residents must add 4% sales tax. Enclose payment with order.

OLD-TIMERS OF SOUTHEASTERN CALIFORNIA

By Lester Reed

Covering an area from Owens Lake to Anza-Borrego and from San Bernardino east to 29 Palms, the author recounts episodes from the lives of Southeastern California's first families, many of whom are still prominent in these same areas today. However, much has changed. The old Vail Ranch is now part of Rancho California, a development which will probably grow into a new city. A fifth-generation descendant of an early settler who rebelled against visiting his wife's family in New York City because the merchants there didn't stock Levis, is now training to be a school teacher. One of the most interesting old-timer recollections is a story told by Lewis Rawson about the time bandit Jesse James and his brother paid a friendly visit to Rawson's Crown Valley Ranch north of Temecula.

Privately printed, there is a wealth of material here for researchers and historians that will never be available elsewhere. The author, a native of this area himself, knew where to get his facts first-hand, as well as prized historical photos from old family albums. The book is rich with names and anecdotes, written in a homey style. Spiral-bound, 294 pages, \$5.95.

HIGHWAYS ACROSS THE HORIZON

By Dorothy Rogers

Thousands of women travel throughout Europe and Asia every year, but not the way Dr. Dorothy Rogers and Louise Ostberg did. On a 12-month trip, during which time they visited 80 countries, they drove a one-ton Jeep with an Alaskan Camper by themselves, covering such off-beat places as Hunza, Nepal, the wild

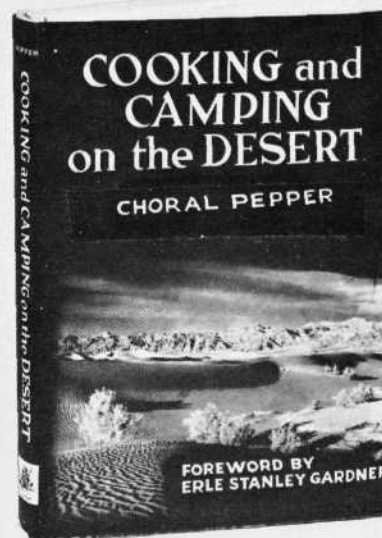
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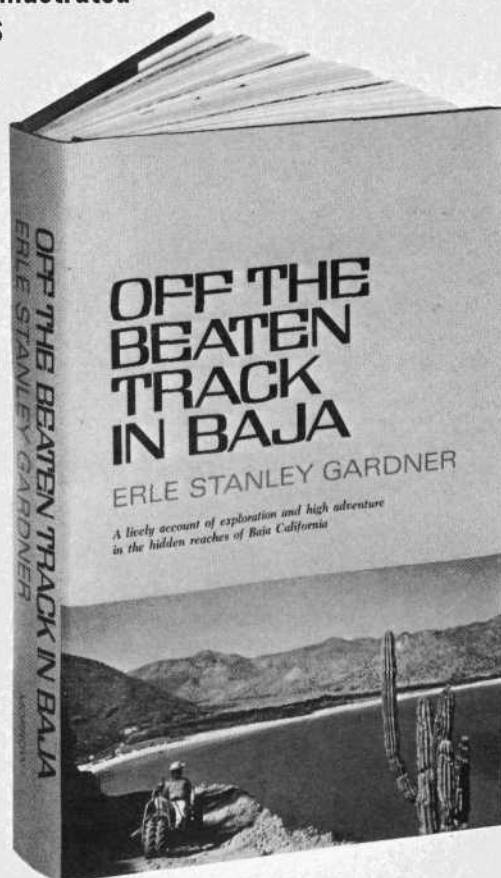
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OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN BAJA

by
**ERLE STANLEY
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When Choral Pepper, Editor of *DESERT MAGAZINE*, joined the latest Erle Stanley Gardner expedition into Baja California, she little realized she would be flying in helicopters over literally unexplored country. Nor did she realize that readers would demand far more material on the expedition than she could possibly crowd into five instalments in the magazine. Here is a book that is a detailed account of these modern-day adventures—the story of the first helicopter ever to be seen in Santa Rosalia, in Mulege, in San Ignacio . . . the story of exploring hidden canyons where no human has set foot to ground in modern times.

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CALIFORNIA

A Guide to the Golden State

Edited by Harry Hansen, this newly revised edition of the American Guide Series contains an encyclopedia of facts about California from its earliest days right up to the Space Age. Information regarding opportunities for recreation, leisurely living, business and education are distinctive features of this guide. Historical sketches, flora, fauna, Mission days, gold rush days, railroad tycoons, fruit-raising, oil gushing, flood control and irrigation are also parts of the colorful saga of the Golden State recounted in this entertaining, informative volume.

Originally compiled as a project for the WPA, this famous guide hadn't been updated since 1939 and, of course, the state has changed enormously with the additions of whole new towns, universities, and industries.

Mile by mile descriptions of roads and highways are given to various points of interest as well as camping and commercial accommodations, excellent photos and maps. Hardcover, 773 pages, \$7.95. If you are a Californian, or plan to travel throughout the state, this is an invaluable book.

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BY LAMBERT FLORIN

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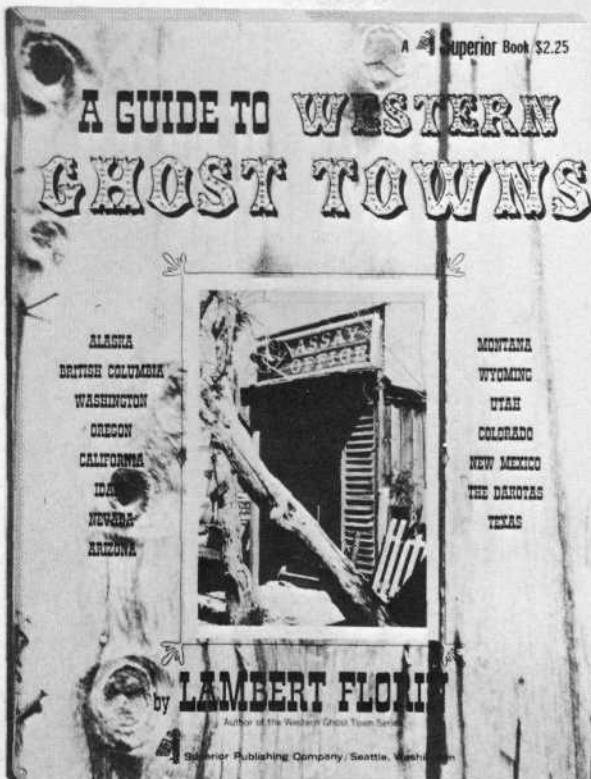
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The Saga of the Misplaced Sagebrush

by L. D. Adams



TO THE naked eye the Diablo Range of the California Coast Range does not resemble a desert in any aspect. Yet two recent discoveries indicate that the soil, temperature and rainfall in the area is such that desert plants can and do survive in this environment.

The Basin Big Sage Brush, which ranges in the desert areas of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, is one of the dominant sagebrush types of California—but certainly not of the western edge of the San Joaquin Valley.

Harold W. Wolfram, a range technician with the California Division of Forestry, recently identified the unique brush species on the Diablo Range and began mapping the area. He discovered that the Basin Big Brush (*Artemisia tridentata* Nutt. subsp. *tridentata*) covered approximately 1,600 acres on all but the southerly slopes of the ridge.

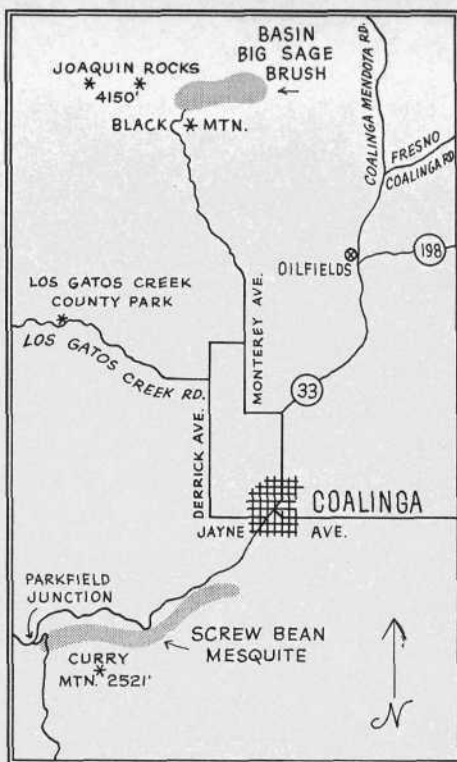
The exact location of Wolfram's find is on Black Mountain, 12 miles north of Coalinga, Fresno County, and within easy walking distance of Murietta's Rocks and the infamous Arroyo de la Cantua, famed landmarks of the days when Joaquin Murietta and Tiburcio Vasquez used the hills as a refuge from the law.

Borings on some of the large sage brush specimens indicate the age of the misplaced plant between 50 and 70 years, a period in the history of California's West Side that was marked by heavy sheep grazing.

Wolfram says the area is similar to California's high-desert areas, with associated plants of California juniper, wooly yerbasanta, Our Lord's Candle, California sage brush and ephedra, Black sage, several species of buckwheat and ceanothus are present in varying amounts. Mean daily temperatures range from a minimum of 15 degrees to 95 degrees Fahrenheit with an average rainfall of 12.35 inches. The soils in the area are Upper Cretaceous Marine made up of sandstone, shale and conglomerates.

The present stand of brush seems to be surviving and slightly increasing in area. Young plants are sinking their roots deep in the soil before putting on top growth which can reach as much as seven or eight feet. A second identification by Wolfram of a typical desert plant was made 15 miles southwest of the initial discovery of Basin Big Sage Brush.

The range technician reconfirmed the existence of screwbean mesquite growing along the banks of Wartham Canyon, an intermittent stream southwest of Coalinga. This desert plant is very common along the Colorado River bottoms between Yuma, Arizona and Needles, and also northwest into the Death Valley region. Isolated spots have been discovered on the Mojave and Colorado deserts, near



San Bernardino, in Lower California and Mexico and eastward to Texas.

Soon after the Coalinga location was mapped a survey party from the Fresno County office of the US Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service

found other specimens in the Silver Creek area, 20 miles northwest of the Coalinga site at Wartham Creek.

Range technicians, using core samples for dating, estimate the oldest of screwbean mesquites in the Wartham Canyon site are between 50 and 75 years old and were probably planted by early settlers in the area until the late 1800s. The pods of the mesquite were used in desert regions for cattle feed and both Indians and Mexican ground the seeds into a meal for baking.

The parent screwbean mesquite for the Wartham Canyon location appears to be a specimen about 20 feet tall at the Parkfield Junction near highway 198, about 15 miles southwest of Coalinga. From there the mesquite follows the canyon downstream until it opens into Pleasant Valley, about three miles from the small West Side community.

The Silver Creek location has not been completely mapped and is considerably smaller in distance than the Coalinga location.

Today these misplaced desert plants of California's West Side offer a very real reminder of the banditti, cattlemen, sheepmen and permanent settlers who carved a form of civilization out of a frontier.



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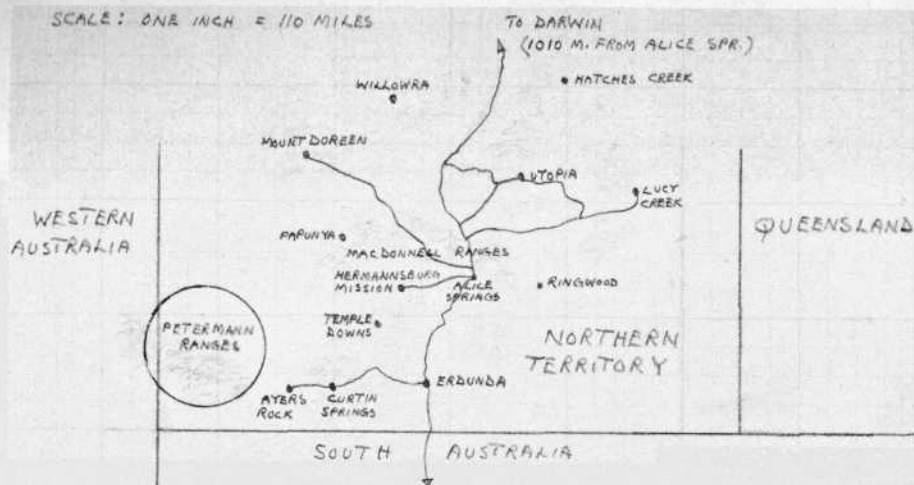
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Golden Cave still waits to be claimed.



Lost Gold and Pearls of Australia

by William E. Osborne



ANY ARTICLES on lost mines — legendary and otherwise — have been published over the years, and almost all of the stories have concerned gold or treasure in and around the United States. It may, therefore, be of interest to report on a country that not only has a number of authenticated lost mines, but has also produced far more nuggets—and much larger ones—than the rest of the world combined. This country is Australia.

According to the U. S. Bureau of Mines, the largest nugget found in the United States (in North Carolina) weighed 28 pounds. Some 344 Australian nuggets have exceeded this weight, and almost 20% of these, including some of the largest, were found within a few inches of the surface. The Welcome Stranger (205 pounds of almost pure gold) was found in 1869 at Moliagul in the (then) Colony of Victoria one inch below the surface at the side of a road. The Golden Eagle, so named for its shape, was unearthed at Lark-

ville, Western Australia, in similar circumstances. A youthful driver in 1931 decided to remove the lump of stone over which he drove every day. This lump of stone turned out to be a nugget weighing 129 pounds and was examined by the author. Largest of all Australian nuggets was the Holtermann, found at Hill End, New South Wales, in 1872. It weighed 7560 ounces gross, and the gold content was 47%.

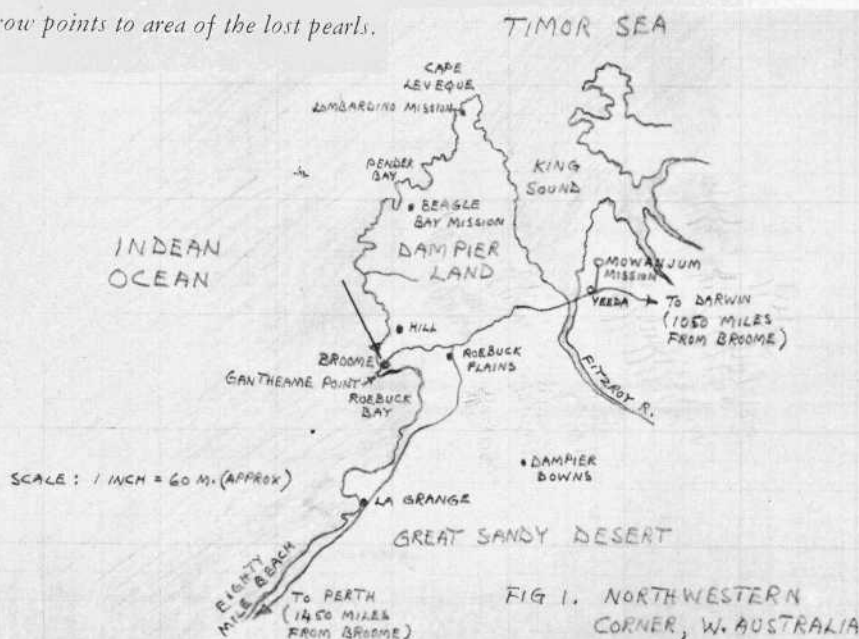
The Welcome Stranger, was found by two desperate prospectors, John Deason and Richard Oates, whose money had long since gone. Credit for flour had been refused and Deason's family went hungry. On February 5, 1869, the two men decided this would be their last day, after having prospected for four years. Deason walked to the edge of their claim, at the side of a bush road and swung his pick wildly at a dirt-covered mound between the roots of an old tree. The pick rebounded. Deason cursed, believing it was broken. A few moments later he was dancing with joy. The mass of gold revealed measured a foot in length and width and was covered with a black tarnish.

With great difficulty, the two men carried the huge nugget to Deason's cottage. His wife then built a large fire and the nugget was placed on top to burn off the impurities. Weighed later at the bank in Dunolly, after chopping off some pieces as souvenirs for friends, the net gold content was 2305 fine ounces.

A few other nuggets in the 1000-2500 ounce range are the "Welcome" (in 1858, at Ballarat, Victoria, 184½ pounds); "Kerr's Hundredweight" (1851 near Bathurst, New South Wales, 106 pounds), found by Jimmy, an aboriginal employed by a young Irish doctor; the "Blanche Barkly" (1857, at Kingower, Victoria, 146 pounds), later exhibited at the Crystal Palace, London; "Lady Hotham" (Ballarat, Victoria, 135 pounds); "Sarah Sands" (Ballarat, Victoria, 137 pounds); and the "Precious" (Berlin, Victoria, 138 pounds). Thirty-eight others have weighed more than 100 pounds and the Berlin area of Victoria produced eight in one year (1870-71), with Canadian Gully, Ballarat, a good second with six. Farmers occasionally plow up a 10 or 20-ounce nugget in the Victorian nugget areas. Two of over 30 ounces were accidentally found last year.

Coming now to lost mines, the well-known story of Lasseter's lost reef or golden cave has been published—and distorted—many times. The true facts, from Lasseter's relatives, are briefly these. In 1893 Harold Lasseter, then 17, discover-

Arrow points to area of the lost pearls.



ed in Central Australia—a 1000-mile-long arid wasteland, unexplored, almost waterless, with fierce temperatures—a large cave near the base of a mountain. The whole face was studded with gold. Young Lasseter was found, near death from thirst, by an Afghan camel driver. Several years later Lasseter and a surveyor friend rediscovered the cave and returned to Carnarvon, West Australia, with ore samples assaying 3000 ounces per ton. However, the surveyor's watch had stopped for an unknown time, causing incorrect calculations of the mine's position.

A 1930 expedition, equipped with a light plane, failed to find the cave and finally abandoned the search, but Las-

seter, draws a small bone and points it at an old and useless member of his little band. A young buck will then use his throwing-stick, and the tribe has dinner.

Such a fate was, unfortunately, Lasseter's. In the ensuing search, Lieutenant Keith Anderson, an acquaintance of the writer, lost his life when his light plane crashed. Eventually, however, the evidence was pieced together by Robert Buck and other searchers from the buried notes and the notebook itself, which contained Lasseter's will and last message to his wife. It was buried when the almost-blind man sensed that death was near. The "golden cave," which is part of "a \$2-billion reef, seven miles long, visible at

different to the same parameters applied to the surrounding earth. A buried object (either metal or dielectric) is therefore easily detected as a reflected infrared pattern on the surface.

During the six years from 1901-07, John Osborne operated a fleet of pearling luggers out of Broome in north-west Australia, and employed 40 aboriginal pearl divers. Broome in those days was a small town of a few hundred people, most of whom lived on the oyster-pearl fishing industry. The Broome shoals produced some of the worlds finest pearls. Osborne, a tall, lean young Englishman, operated the parent lugger with another white man and several black divers. Two of the latter, Jackie and Jimmie, were beaten one night by Osborne for stealing his rum and a pocket-knife. Aboriginals are not usually revengeful, but these two decided they had had enough.

Aboard the parent lugger was the accumulated wealth, in pearls, of two months' diving and processing by nine luggers, in addition to 30 ultra-flawless specimens kept as show pieces. The two hampers referred to contained all the pearls. When the lugger next docked for the bi-monthly transfer to the bank, it was late at night. Jackie and Jimmie stole Osborne's revolver, threw it overboard, and knocked him out as he slept. His cabin door, always locked, was either not fastened or else was quietly manipulated. The divers shouldered one basket each, headed south around Gantheaume Point to Roebuck Bay, and buried the hampers in the beach sand two miles south of town. The Broome police force of two men arrested them at 5 a.m., heading inland. Their tracks led back to a beach, a mile away, but an incoming tide there obliterated them. The date was January 27th, 1906.

Both aborigines played dumb as to the exact location, but admitted walking along and burying the pearls on the beach. A possibility exists, however, of the hiding place being in the dry, loose sand which spreads inland in that area. Neither man had any digging implement, so the hole must have been a shallow one.

Sentenced to ten years' jail, Jimmie died there, and Jackie passed on (of TB) a year after his release on probation in 1911. John Osborne, who happens to be the author's uncle, later retired and bought a hotel in Perth, where he died in 1949. The pearls have never been found and the details have never before been published. Police reports at that time, from such an isolated community, merited two column inches in the Perth newspaper. □

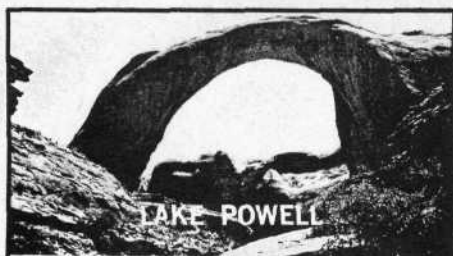


These pearl shells were carved by Australian aboriginal pearl divers in 1902 aboard a lugger, in spare time, while at sea. The smallest nugget is from the old desert ghost town of Arltunga (Centralia), where \$22 million was taken in a few years prior to the end of the last century. Others are from the Moliagul area of Victoria. The aboriginal "singing stick" emits a varying moaning sound when whirled around by the leather thong. (See story).

seter and a trapper named Johns stayed on. When Lasseter recognized certain landmarks, Johns started back for Alice Springs to obtain fresh supplies. Lasseter, alone, continued until his camels bolted. Growing rapidly weaker, he again reached his cave and then, in a pitiable state, was taken along by a tribe of transient aborigines. Lasseter buried notes underneath his campfire sites as the tribe wandered. These were later found. When the prospector became sand-blind, his potential usefulness to the blacks ended and the chief "pointed the bone." This ritual is common to Central Australian aborigines, who adopt cannibalism when driven by extreme circumstances. If, at the end of a 30-mile trek across the desert, the blacks find that an expected patch of yams or other food is no longer there, the chief, to sustain the

erosions," is still waiting to be claimed. It is almost certainly in the Petermann range of low mountains (of which there are few in Centralia) about 340 miles west-south-west of Alice Springs.

The Lost Pearls of Broome will undoubtedly be found by someone with an electronic locator which is not of the usual kind. They are buried—\$200,000 worth—in two wicker hampers, each 22"x15"x20" deep. A wicker lid, fastened by a small hasp and padlock, seals each one, and this hasp and padlock represent the only metal available for detection by a locator of the conventional type. The larger body—pearls and basket—are a dielectric, and as such would respond to a magnetometer, or better still, to an infrared mine detector. This operates on the principle that the radiant emissivity, absorptance, and reflectance are all quite



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Petrified Redwoods of Calistoga

by Ben Traywick



OME 70 miles north of
San Francisco and five
miles west of Calistoga
in Sonoma County lies
a most unusual spot of
interest and beauty; a
petrified redwood forest. This mile-long
graveyard contains approximately 300
trees struck with rocky immortality. The
violent eruption of Mount St. Helena in
prehistoric time uprooted the forest fell-
ing the trees so that all the stony logs
pointed away from it. Then layers of vol-
canic ash were deposited upon them from
time to time until the downed trees lay
several feet beneath the surface. Finally,
after many eons, Mount St. Helena grew
quiet. But even today the area is full of
sulphur and boiling springs. Geysers spout
at periodic intervals through the valley
and the town of Calistoga reposes on a
mere film of earth above a boiling sub-
terranean lake.

Following the volcanic period, the big
trees were covered by an inland sea or
lake. Water seeped down through the
layers of volcanic ash and silt, carrying
silica in solution into the porous redwood
where it crystalized and replaced tiny bits
of wood that had floated away. Thus was
formed what we see today as petrified
wood. After a few million years, the ele-
ments eroded layers of earth that buried
the trees and exposed them to the surface.

The petrifying process was so slow and
deliberate that wood texture and fibre are
preserved in detail. It is apparent that the
great redwoods have not changed during
the last several million years, as the stone
trees appear identical to those we see
growing today. Scientists estimate that the
trees were approximately 3,000 years old
when the volcanic eruption uprooted
them, and that this date was at least
6,000,000 years ago, perhaps more. Evi-
dence revealed by excavations suggest
there is more than one petrified forest at
this location—possibly as many as three,
each at a different level.

The great stone trees were first dis-
covered in 1870 by an ex-sailor named
Charley Evans. Evans is said to have taken

claim to his acres with an axe on his
shoulder and six bits in his pocket. He
fondly called the forest the "handsomest
spot in the Californy mountains." "Petrif-
fied Charley" made his discovery while
he was cleaning a pasture for his animals.
A partially exposed trunk of a tree, un-
covered by a recent storm, was enough to
tip off the canny sailor to the fact that he
had acquired a public attraction. The logs
became his breadwinner when he put up a
sign announcing "The Pertified Forest:
C. Evans. Admission 50¢" and sold pho-
tographs and specimens on the site.

Two famous men of letters, Benjamin
F. Taylor and Robert Louis Stevenson,
visited his unusual forest in the late 1800s.
Taylor, ever the poet, said of the forest,
"They overwhelm your vanity with gray
cairns of what once danced in the rain,
whispered in the wind, blossomed in the
sun . . . What a rocking of the cradle
there must have been when the earth
quaked, and lava put these trees in flinty
armor, and transfused their veins with
dumbness."

A visitor to the forest in 1881 found
"Petrified Charley" dead.

Some years later Mrs. Ollie Bockee
paid a visit to the area. She was com-
pletely fascinated by the stone trees and
her shrewd mind saw the possibilities of
a commercial development. After acquir-
ing the land in 1910, she labored tirelessly
to excavate more of the giant trees. To her
delight, several giants soon lay exposed
in awesome, petrified splendor.

Because of Ollies' advertising efforts,
others came to look in ever increasing
numbers. One of her better promotion
stunts was to present a stone tree trunk to
New York City for a Christmas present
in 1922. The 5,560 pounds of tree trunk
was taken to San Francisco by truck and
shipped through the Panama Canal to
New York. The mayor accepted it at a
formal gathering in Central Park and
attached a bronze marker to commemorate
the occasion. It is still there and it gave
the petrified forest a million dollars
worth of publicity.

After Mrs. Bockees' death in 1950, her sister, Jeanette Hawthorne, became the new owner of the petrified redwoods. With her husband, she has accomplished a herculean task in making major repairs, improvements, and excavations in order that this primeval stone forest of beauty and scientific interest will continue to instruct countless generations of Americans in the future.

One of the most remarkable of the trees is the Queen of the Forest. It lies in segments, the total of its trunk reaching a diameter of 12 feet and a length of 80 feet. The Monarch is another giant with an average diameter of eight feet and a length expected to extend 226 feet when excavation is completed.

There are a number of oddities about the forest. A visitor in the summer of 1881 claimed he found axe marks upon some of the stone trunks. He insisted that this chopping had taken place previous to petrification because the cuts appeared at different angles to the grain of wood. This indicates that man had dwelled in this California glen before Mount St. Helena devastated the forest, felling the giant trees in its violence.

Fossils and artifacts tell us much about what the forest was like as far back as the Ice Age. Shells, clams, and other fossil marine life present concrete evidence that the area was once covered by an inland sea or lake. Other fossil remains, wood, ferns, fruit and nuts, indicate that

there was an abundance of vegetation. Animal remains unearthed show that animals were also present. And, too, numerous Indian relics give evidence that some tribe inhabited the vicinity in prehistoric days.

While constructing a foundation for a tank, the Hawthornes unearthed a petrified pine tree at a depth of 61½ feet. It was a beautiful deep red color that resembled the petrified wood of the Arizona petrified forest. A few yards away a similar piece several feet long was uncovered. Neither piece was found in the customary volcanic ash or shale. Dr. Ralph Chaney, paleontologist from the University of California, examined the specimens and stated that he believed they had come from the Arizona forest, as they corresponded with the petrifications there in every respect. Still, why would an ancient traveler carry such heavy stones from Arizona to California and then deposit them in that particular spot—and long enough in the past for them to have eventually become covered with six-and-one-half-feet of earth?

Another opinion is that this red colored wood is from one of the petrified forests at a lower level than the great redwoods. Many mysteries and questions may be answered by the further excavations that are planned. Leading scientists say that this forest contains the largest petrified trees in existence and possibly the only petrified redwoods. □



Queen of the Forest is 80 feet long and 12 feet in diameter. An oak tree sprouts from its petrified bulk.

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Lost Souls of Moaning Cave

by Ben Traywick



N THE southern portion of the Mother Lode Country, two miles from Vallecito, Calaveras County, on the road to Sonora, lies a most un-

usual cavern. This location is in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada near where the Calaveras Man was discovered by Whitney in 1867. This skull was supposedly taken from a shaft between auriferous gravel below the lava capping of Table Mountain. Likely, it came from Moaning Cave, or one similar. Calaveras Man was believed to be a great hoax for about a century, but discoveries at Moaning Cave suggest it may not have been such a hoax after all.

This remarkable cave was discovered by gold miners in the year 1851. They were lowered by ropes into the awesome depths until, by throwing flaming torches, they saw they could not distinguish the bottom. Faced by such a deep descent, the miners evidently gave up further exploration.

Later, in 1851, Dr. John Trask, the first geologist of the State of California, explored the cave. During his forays, he found many portions of human skeletons. His statement concerning these remains may be quoted from an old Sacramento newspaper on file in the state library, "I will not attempt to speculate on these remains, but the situation or peculiarities attendant, to say the least, are strongly presumptive of high antiquity."

Other records from the "Daily Alta California" of October 31, 1853, relate that a group of Frenchmen descended into the cave to a depth of 300 feet. These

men claimed to have seen at least 300 human bodies completely petrified. Several of these bodies were under, or actually immersed, in the stalactites of the cave. Some of the skulls indicated a race of beings distinct from any Indian known. The Frenchmen later displayed some of these skulls in business places in San Francisco.

Probably the first prehistoric man entered Moaning Cave about 12,000 years ago when he stumbled some 210 feet from the surface to the floor of the subterranean cave. How such vast numbers arrived at the same destiny is a mystery. There is no horizontal entrance, so they must have fallen in or were thrown to their deaths.

Calculations of when man first entered Moaning Cave may be made by micro-measurements of stalactitic formations to the 100th of a millimeter. These measurements show the maximum rate of deposition of mineral to be 29 years per millimeter, or 736 years per inch. Human bone is found under more than 161½ inches of such deposited rock.

Excavations by the Truman Speleological Expedition of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History prove that over a period of many centuries prehistoric men, dogs, small mammals, birds, and reptiles have perished in this natural death trap. Many of these bones are preserved under several inches of solid rock which accumulated by the slow drip of mineral-bearing waters. Both human and animal bones are sealed between layers of drip-stone, indicating they entered the cave over many centuries by ones and twos from accidental falls, murder, or burial.

The Sierra Miwok Indians feared the

caves, believing they were inhabited by an evil spirit—a Stone Giant who ventured from the cave at night in search of human victims. These Indians claimed the ghostly sounds caused by air currents within the cave were the eerie wailings of lost souls. These same weird sounds have a chilling effect upon the nerves even today.

It is entirely possible that early Indians placed captured enemies in the cave or that during wars or time of pestilence, dead bodies were dumped into the deep cave as a quick method of disposal. It is also possible the bones belong to a prehistoric race of people about whom we know nothing.

Legend tells of an Indian girl who went into the cave in search of a sacred spring and fell into the deep pit. Others of her tribe heard her falling body strike, hesitate, then fall again. When cave explorations were conducted, the skeleton of an Indian girl was found at the bottom of a deep pit. Under it was a broken piece of rock which fitted perfectly into a broken ledge higher up on the walls of the cave. Does this prove the legend true? Who can say?

A human femur was found imbedded under 86 millimeters of travertine. There are about 16 rings per millimeter, or 1400 rings in the 86 millimeters. Estimating the age of the bone by measuring the thickness of the travertine, it is approximately 2500 years old. In 1950 an excavation of a 10-foot trench yielded the remains of 11 individuals, including two children.

Today the cave is entered by descending a unique, circular, winding, steel stair with 144 steps. Present develop-

ments are now at a depth of 450 feet and the bottom of the cavern still has not been found. There are six known rooms in the cave, and as many as 16 may exist.

The great room of the cave is about 30 by 90 feet. To the south a small opening leads downward, but it is choked with rock and dirt. At the bottom of the slope a small hole leads to a steep tunnel leading up, much like a mining stope, toward the surface. This tunnel is covered with a dead white terrace deposit of dripstone and ends in a pit 65 feet deep. This pit leads to even lower levels.

Parts of two human skeletons were found about 50 feet apart in the mud below this pit and two extra human bones were cemented in the white dripstone in the tunnel. It is believed that the two skeletons were persons who lived through the fall to the cave floor and were able to crawl a short distance down the steep tunnel before death came to them.

In the passages leading to lower levels, the dripstone has been broken to expose many human bones imbedded in the stone and mud beneath it. A short tunnel leading down and to the east yielded human bones and the best skull found in the cave. This skull was heavily coated with dripstone. By measuring the least accumulation of dripstone, 50,000 years probably represents the maximum age for the oldest bones, while 1200 years represents the minimum age.

When light beams are directed along the cave's interior, stalactites, curtains, domes, and other fairyland fantaforms take shape. Gothic formations of solid stone, built by drops of water throughout ageless history, constitute an art gallery of eerie images. Outstanding are the Elephant's Ear, 12 feet in length; a Giant Eagle; the Torpedo or Big Cigar; the Angel Wings, 17 feet in length; a Little Girl's Face; Yosemite Falls in columns of solid rock; the Mushroom Patch; the Igloo, which is 28 feet in height; the Capitol Dome; the Statue of Liberty; the Elephant's Head; the Monkey; the Lion's Head, the Dog's Head; and numerous images of birds.

Only a small part of the floor of Moaning Cave has been excavated, thus no accurate count of the ancient bones of man may now be determined. Does the presence of so many human remains constitute murder in the ageless past? An Indian burial cave? Accidents over the centuries? Although open to the public, the cave, privately owned, is currently for sale. Perhaps some day a new owner will arrive at a solution to the intriguing puzzle. □

View from the cave floor up the circular staircase.



Some Westerners restore old ruins;
others adapt early Southwestern
architecture to modern terms.
Here is how a California couple
brought a bit of history
back to life.

BUENA VISTA RANCHO

by Ernie Cowan



This is the original door of the first room built by Machado. It now leads into the main living room.



Long verandas provide shade for plants.



WHEN Jesus Machado first decided to build his home on the banks of Buena Vista Creek, he didn't imagine someday a city would surround it. Today, in the heart of Vista, California, Machado's adobe and the rooms later added to it stand enshrouded by eucalyptus and magnolia trees. Where horse trails once coursed through high grass, wide asphalt streets now lie.

Buena Vista Rancho, restored to its original grandeur, is one of the few remaining adobes representing the colorful past of early California history. Established in the late 1840s at a time when Governor Pio Pico was granting large plots of land to those wishing to settle the rich new country, Buena Vista Rancho consisted of 1,184.89 acres, granted to a

poorly educated Indian neophyte named Felipe Subria. As was often the case, the land was soon taken from him. This is where Jesus Machado entered into the picture.

Machado built a small adobe on the southern bank of Buena Vista Creek, but soon after a band of normally peaceful Indians raided the rancho and killed him. The grant then passed to his oldest son, Luis G. Machado. During the years that followed, Don Luis expanded the little white adobe until there were 12 rooms formed into an L with a wall extending from each end of the L to enclose a magnificent courtyard and fountain.

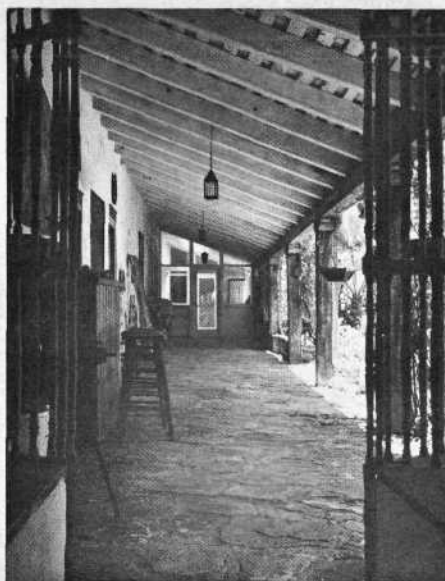
These were peak years for the beautiful rancho, both economically, and socially. On warm summer nights gay music from Spanish guitars filled the magnolia scented air and the Dons and their ladies



Painting on wall in dining room is 14th Century "Adoration of the Magi."

danced fandangos in the courtyard.

Later the property came under the ownership of Colonel Cave J. Coutts, a West Point graduate who served on the frontier during the Mexican War and who also owned the adjoining 2,219-acre Guajome Rancho. When the American government finally gained control of California, it did not recognize the land grants of Mexico and the land owners had to seek a patent from the United States. On May 6, 1897 the United States granted a patent to the Buena Vista



Candle lanterns and stone tile floors add to historic flavor.

Rancho property.

By this time, progress was seeping into the serene valley and the size of the rancho was being trimmed. The first slice went to the Santa Fe Railroad in 1890, to make way for a line from Ocean-side to Escondido. The decline of the rancho had begun.

After Mexico lost control of California the rancho owners, with their thousands of head of cattle and fantastic wealth, began to lose their power. Land was split and sold and destined to pass



Original beams still support roof of Machados room built in the 1850s.

through the hands of many. Descendants of the Coutts family whittled their holdings down to 51 acres. By this time, the adobe was no longer occupied and had begun to crumble under heavy rains.

It wasn't until the early 1920s, nearly 20 years after the adobe was abandoned, that life again filled the old home. At this time Jack Knight, whose wife was one of the heirs of the famed Mary McKinney gold mine at Cripple Creek, Colorado, purchased the 51-acre plot which contained the adobe and began restoration. After that the old rancho changed hands twice until purchased by Dr. and Mrs. Walter Weil of Los Angeles in 1957. When the Weils arrived, they brought with them a priceless collection of Florentine art, carved furniture and antique rugs with which they returned the adobe to its former glory.

But now Time threatens the historic rancho once again. Land prices and taxes are rising and the Weils do not want to see the rancho destroyed. Because Dr. Weil is aging, he wants to see the fate of the rancho determined soon. He has offered the building to the city of Vista for use as a museum or city library. On adjacent land, the doctor has offered to build at his own expense a city office building to be leased to the city. Vista would then assume maintenance of Rancho Buena Vista. The doctor is so sincere in his offer that he is willing to contribute the furnishings along with the adobe for future generations to enjoy. Whatever is eventually decided, it should not be destroyed. History can be shaped while it is being made, but it cannot be replaced when once destroyed. □

Mrs. Weil and her poodle enjoy spacious courtyard where the Dons and their ladies once danced. The fountain is fed by a natural well.

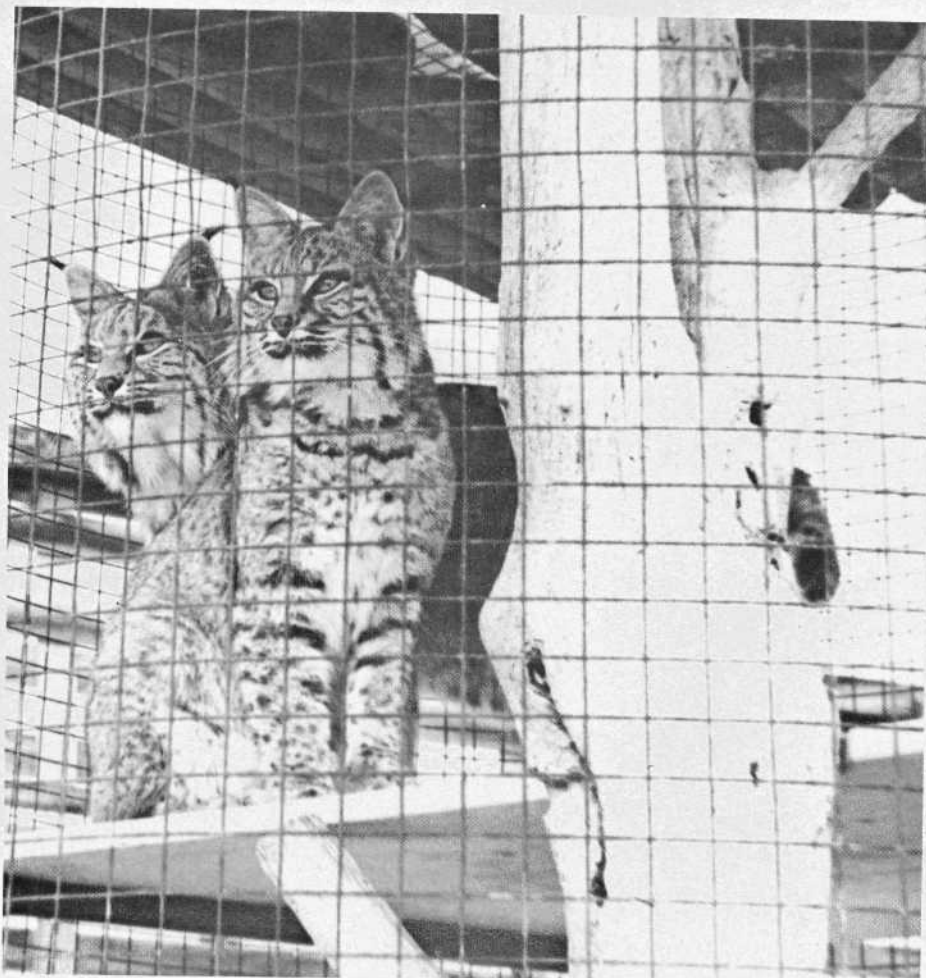


GHOST RANCH MUSEUM



by Bob Hyatt

Robert and Roberta, the bobcats of Ghost Ranch.



FOURTEEN miles northwest of Abiquiú, New Mexico, just off Highway 84, is Ghost Ranch Museum, one of the most remarkable institu-

tions in the nation. Perched on the lip of a huge red arroyo against a backdrop of towering multi-colored cliffs, it looks like a diorama created by man and nature.

From its opening day in 1959, the fame of this novel establishment has spread around the world. It functions on the theory that man is the most destructive of nature's subjects, the only creature who takes away and puts little back. It clearly demonstrates that if this mad program of "removal without replacement" continues, life on this planet will cease to exist.

Since terrestrial life depends solely upon the soil, water, plants and animals, the main purpose of this museum is in teaching the importance of conservation through natural means.

Sounds stuffy? Far from it. Conservation, as presented at this admission-free museum, is a fascinating subject. The reason for its growing visitor list, apart from the interest of the subject matter to be seen, is the pure entertainment as supplied by many species of animal "actors" who keep the show going, for this is a "living" museum. It puts across its message not by lifeless displays, but by in-

door-outdoor exposition utilizing animals, plants, soil and water.

Living creatures demonstrate in their own way the importance of wildlife in nature's scheme and its value to mankind. For example, Bushy, a small rock squirrel, shows his usefulness by planting seeds and nuts that later become shrubs and trees, and by digging holes in the ground which collect water.

The ubiquitous prairie dog, which has been senselessly slaughtered to the vanishing point in many areas, shows his value in man's unending conquest of the earth. He digs, turns over the soil, and provides nesting places for the tiny burrowing owls which in turn control mice, destroyers of seed and root crops.

A special Beaver Museum presents America's most valuable animal, conservation-wise, at work constructing dams, houses and canals. It is emphatically shown that beaver dams on mountain watersheds (controlling soil erosion at its source) are far superior to the huge, down-stream, man-made dams which only catch and submerge the useless soil after it has been washed from higher places.

Here, one learns that every living thing is "worth something"—even the "varmints." It is pointed out that before we set out to thoughtlessly destroy any so-called "predator," we should first evaluate its natural contributions, determine what dangers its eradication will precipitate. There are countless instances of predator extermination that backfired.

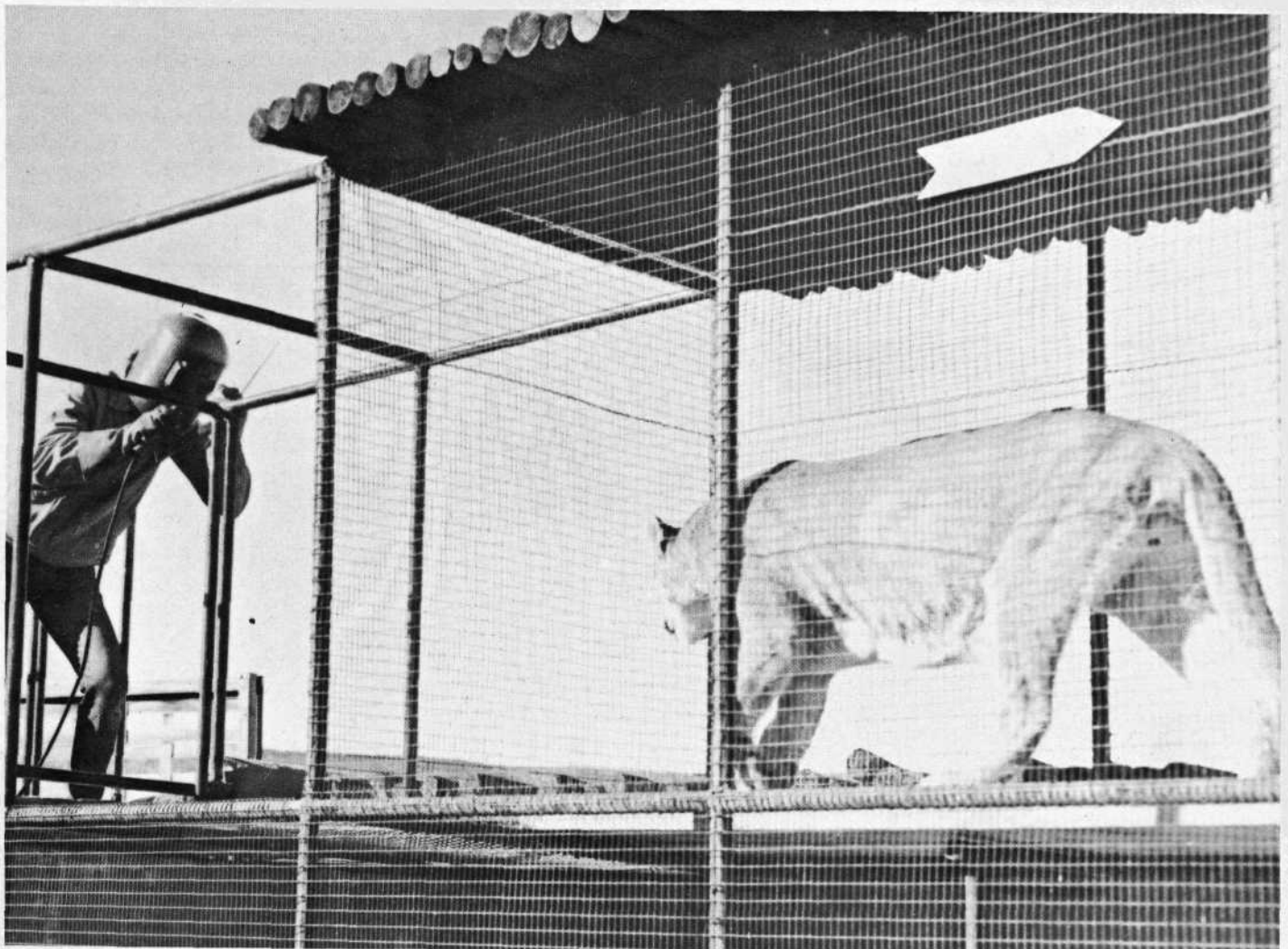
Take the coyote. In nearly every area where it has been killed off, various destructive rodents have moved in and multiplied. Coyotes control the population of rabbits which do great damage to grasses and young tree shoots which in turn hold the soil from erosion.

Cattlemen, in their ceaseless battle against predators have, in some cases unwittingly, caused untold damage to many forms of wildlife. A notable example is the fiasco on the Texas plains where sizable herds of whitetail deer still are seen, although there is an alarming increase in diseased and undersized animals. An 8-point buck shot recently weighed 65 pounds undressed! Game experts are agreed that these miserable runts are the direct result of a concentrated effort by

Lobo the wolf.



The mountain lion of Ghost Museum.



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livestock men to destroy the cougar, the only real biological control of the white-tail. Because they are easier to stalk, the majority of deer kills made by lions are old, diseased, or crippled animals, whose breeding days should be ended anyway before they produce malformed progeny. Moreover, if given the choice, the cat will choose venison over beef almost invariably.

In their natural habitat, all forms of wildlife are held in biological check by their natural enemies; the weak, sick and undersized fall prey first, while the strong and healthy live to attain normal adulthood. Remove the predators from any game area, and the game quickly deteriorates in size and quality, and disease spreads.

In 1937, Dr. Frank C. Hibben reported in the University of New Mexico *Bulletin* that he had examined 11 deer which had been killed by the big cats. In every instance the remains indicated abnormal characteristics. The trail of one lion showed he had made three unsuccessful attempts to haul down his quarry before he got lucky. And he was finally successful only against a buck which had a large abscess in the larynx, completely filled with botfly larvae.

It should be easily discerned, then, that indiscriminate predator killing is often the wrong approach to both wildlife and livestock protection. This "lesson" is amply demonstrated at the museum, and is usually a revelation to visit-cattlemen. Another lesson to learn is expressed by a sign which reads, "Man has been here only since yesterday, as it were, but the damage he has done to the earth he inhabits could be described as destructive beyond belief."

The truth of this is borne out by examples of soil erosion brought on by overgrazing, uncontrolled logging, and other violations against nature. The principal soil erosion exhibit is the big arroyo near the museum. It provides a shocking disclosure of the results of man's abuses of soil and water resources and also shows how deteriorated land may be reclaimed to usefulness. This is an excellent textbook illustration of cause, effect and control that would be almost impossible to create artificially. "Removal without replacement" is in vivid contrast to that portion of the exhibit which shows "replacement" at work—how man may restore denuded land.

Since man cannot exist without the soil, water, plant and animal life, you'd think he would tread carefully when setting out to denude the earth of its natural

cover and creatures. An hour or two spent among these exhibits will show him the folly of his ways, and the dreadful fate of a land devoid of these essentials—the things that make all life possible.

To fully understand conservation, one must know something of earth's history and the incredible working of nature underground. And here, the whole fascinating story is presented in an easily understood manner.

Of most interest is the "Walk Up Through the Ages," which is little more than a concrete stairway with five large steps. On each step is a stationary elbow telescope and beside it a large rock specimen. Peer through the 'scope and you'll see a limited area in the distant cliff face where the rock sample was removed. There are five such areas brought close-up with the glass and five rock samples. Each step represents one of the five principal periods of earth's structure, from the Chinle Era (bottom) of vast antiquity to the present Dakota or Cretaceous Era (top). Each step reveals changes wrought by earth disturbances—"growing pains", and the progression of initial flora and fauna as represented by imbedded vegetation and fossils.

At the top of this "walk" is a fiberglass model of the entire area, and a mirror at eye-level. This looking glass receives considerable attention. The sign below reads: "This represents the 'highest' form of life—YOU—the only one with spirituality, the only one who can save the world or destroy it."

There is no charge at Ghost Ranch Museum, even for the informative talks given here almost every summer day by authorities on conservation. A sign on the portal reads "YOURS." Under this are the words:

"This museum was built for YOU, with no tax support whatever—it is YOURS—supported entirely by private contributions."

The museum was built and is maintained by the Charles Lathrop Pack Forestry Foundation of Washington, D.C. The 25,000-acre Ghost Ranch was originally owned by Mr. Pack, who donated it to the United Presbyterian Church, which maintains a Conference Center nearby. There are no tourist accommodations and the nearest store and gas station are at Abiquiu—a word which means "owl hoot."

Every thinking person who visits Ghost Ranch will leave with a greater appreciation of his nation's priceless heritages—and perhaps with a new determination to guard them. □

When It's Hot -- go where its' not . . .

by Jack Delaney



PART TWO OF A THREE-PART SERIES COVERING SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BEACH RESORTS



HE resort community with the longest pleasure pier on the West Coast is located along the world's largest ocean. It is adjacent to the world's largest Marine Corps base, it houses the largest private collection of rare and exotic birds in the West, it is the home of the largest of California's 21 missions and it gave birth to California's first pepper tree. It is known as Oceanside, California and it is 89 miles south of Los Angeles, or 37 miles north of San Diego, along U. S. Highway 101. The solar barbecue that prevails in our Western deserts and in most urban areas during the summer months is soon forgotten when you kick off your shoes and start strolling along the three-and-one-half-mile beach of this fabulous vacation spot.

Upon approaching the shore end of the pier, you'll see Oceanside's Beach Stadium, an outdoor arena located at the

crossroads of beach activity, with the ocean serving as a backdrop. It seats 1300 people and functions as a community center for lectures, summer concerts under the stars, and other events. It has been the scene of the annual Miss Southern California beauty contest for the past quarter century.

The 1900-foot pleasure pier, claimed to be the longest on the West Coast, juts out into deep Pacific waters where big fish match wits with humans casting from the pier. This is a mecca for the ardent fisherman. Bait and tackle are available at the end of the pier and no license is required. An annual sportfishing derby is held, with \$6000 in prize money awarded the winners.

During the summer season a small tram, similar to an "Elephant" train, runs the full length of the pier, should your feet feel the need for relief. The fare is ten cents for the restful ride.

While covering the waterfront, by all means include the new Oceanside Harbor and Marina. It can be reached from the beach by driving north on Pacific Street, which is one block off of the strand and runs parallel to it. From the business district, or from out-of-town points, drive the Freeway and take the Harbor off-ramp. This sparkling, multi-million dollar aquatic playland, with 600 permanent pleasure boat slips and overnight berthing facilities for some 75 vessels, is also the operation center for a modern sport fishing fleet.

Deep sea fishing party boats operate year-round from the landing in the south basin of the harbor, featuring all-day and half-day trips along the Golden Coast. We have heard that there are more than 12 favored species of Pacific game fish available in these hunting grounds; but when you try to catch them it is likely that you'll discover that they are not *too*

available! The list includes marlin, bluefin tuna, bonita, barracuda, albacore, mackerel, white sea bass, halibut, croaker, black bass, yellowtail, and rock cod.

In this nautical and nice atmosphere, the spectator has not been neglected. Interesting shops, fine restaurants and cocktail lounges overlook the harbor. Bordering the promenade of the south basin is Cape Cod Village—a bit of New England in sunny California. You may stroll along the water's edge, browse in unusual shops, and sample a variety of cuisine while watching the boats in the harbor. Also, should you wish to spend a few days at this water wonderland, seaside apartments and a luxury boatel on the marina are eager to accommodate you.

Throughout Oceanside there is an adequate assortment of motels and apartments available to the vacationer. Many of these are located along the strand, facing the ocean. It's fun to live only a shell's throw from the beach where the roar of breakers lull you to sleep. Here you can put aside your stuffy clothing and practically live in beach attire. No need to hide your tan here.

If you can break away from the breakers long enough to sightsee the inland area, visit Jerome Buteyn's Exotic Bird Farm and Museum. It is located on Highway 76, just six miles east of Oceanside's business district. Here you will see more than 300 varieties of rare birds and a museum display of Indian artifacts. This unique combination of birds and

Mission San Luis Rey de Francia at Oceanside is regarded as the finest piece of architectural structure of all California missions.



Oceanside harbor and marina.

arrowheads may be viewed by visitors the year around, and there is no admission charge.

Along the same highway (76), about two miles west of the Bird Farm and four miles east of downtown Oceanside, is the only mission still being administered by the Franciscan founders. *Mission San Luis Rey de Francia* is a priceless heritage of early California days.

This is the beautiful King of the Missions, one of the most successful in all California and the largest Indian mission in the new world. Near the beginning of the 19th century, when it was in its prime, approximately 6000 Indians were housed here.

It would be difficult to touch on the history of this area without resorting to a bit of name dropping. Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo is usually touted as the first white man to view these rolling hills in 1542, although there are some who believe Francisco Ulloa preceded him by a few years. Sir Francis Drake saw the area through his telescope in 1577, but continued on his journey. Gaspar de Portola camped here overnight in 1769 and was so impressed with what he saw that he named the adjoining land, with its mountains, rivers, and beaches, Santa Margarita, and Father Junipero Serra passed through in 1776 and founded Mission San Juan Capistrano, 40 miles to the north.

Seven years before San Juan Capistrano was founded, Father Juan Crespi, after a four-day walk north from San Diego, came upon this lush and promising valley. He named it *San Luis Rey* and recommended the area for the location of a mission. Twenty-nine years later, in 1798, *Mission San Luis Rey de Francia* was founded by Padre Lasuen. It was named after King Louis IX of France. The church structure is regarded as the finest piece of architecture of all California mission buildings.

History is fascinating, but the average

visitor, or sightseer, is more interested in what can be seen and enjoyed today. The Mission museum contains many rare art treasures, famous old Church vestments, magnificent wood carvings, statues, pictures of Old Spain and artifacts and ornaments made by early mission Indians. It has the largest collection of Spanish vestments in the United States, and documents dating back to the 16th century. You will also see the land patent signed by President Abraham Lincoln shortly before he was assassinated.

More than 75,000 people of all ages and faiths visit this mission each year to recapture moments of history and adventure of the early days of our civilization in the Southwest. This is one of the oldest buildings in California. It is open to the public from 9:00 a.m. until 6:00 p.m. daily, with tours guided by members of the Franciscan Order. Costumed Indians at work and play may be seen during the summer months. These tours of the museum, church, and old cemetery are free of charge.

The first pepper tree in California was planted on the grounds of *Mission San Luis Rey de Francia*, and it can still be seen here, serving as a monument to the past. It came from Peru in 1830. Here is something to mark on your calendar: each year a two-day summer fiesta is held at the mission and the public is invited. This year's celebration is scheduled for July 22nd and 23rd. Fiesta time at the King of the Missions is a vacation highlight.

During the era of the great ranchos in *Alta California*, the land named Santa Margarita was granted to the Pico brothers by Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado. (Pio Pico was the last Mexican governor of California.) This tremendous ranch, later known as Santa Margarita y las Flores, consisted of 133,411 acres. It included three mountain ranges, five lakes, three rivers, and 260 miles of roads. The original ranch house dates back to 1828, and is an excellent example of Early California adobe construction.

In 1942, after ownership of the property had changed several times, the U.S. Government acquired 125,000 acres of it for what has become Camp Pendleton Marine Corps Base—the largest amphibious training center in the world! This impressive complex contains more than 4000 buildings, including schools, banks, churches, stores, and every other convenience. It has facilities for at least 50,000 people, though its present population is around 35,000. An interesting

Oceanside

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situation is that the official home of the present commanding general is the old ranch house of *Santa Margarita y las Flores*.

Naturally, the ideal way to see this top training base is to enlist in the Marine Corps. However, as a visitor you should be happy to learn that the gates are open to you—with certain limitations. You may drive along the main thoroughfare for miles and on other roads, provided they are not restricted. (The Marines on duty at the entrance gate will instruct you.) A visit to Camp Pendleton is worth-

while—you'll be impressed with the magnitude and completeness of this major installation. To reach Camp Pendleton, drive along Highway 76 to the posted turn-off road leading north. The junction is just below Mission San Luis Rey.

From a past rich in historical significance, Oceanside has grown into a present rich in tourist attractions. While enjoying the fruits of its progressive attitude, it is looking forward to the future and an even greater crop. No crystal ball is needed here to recall the past, enjoy the present, and predict the future. □



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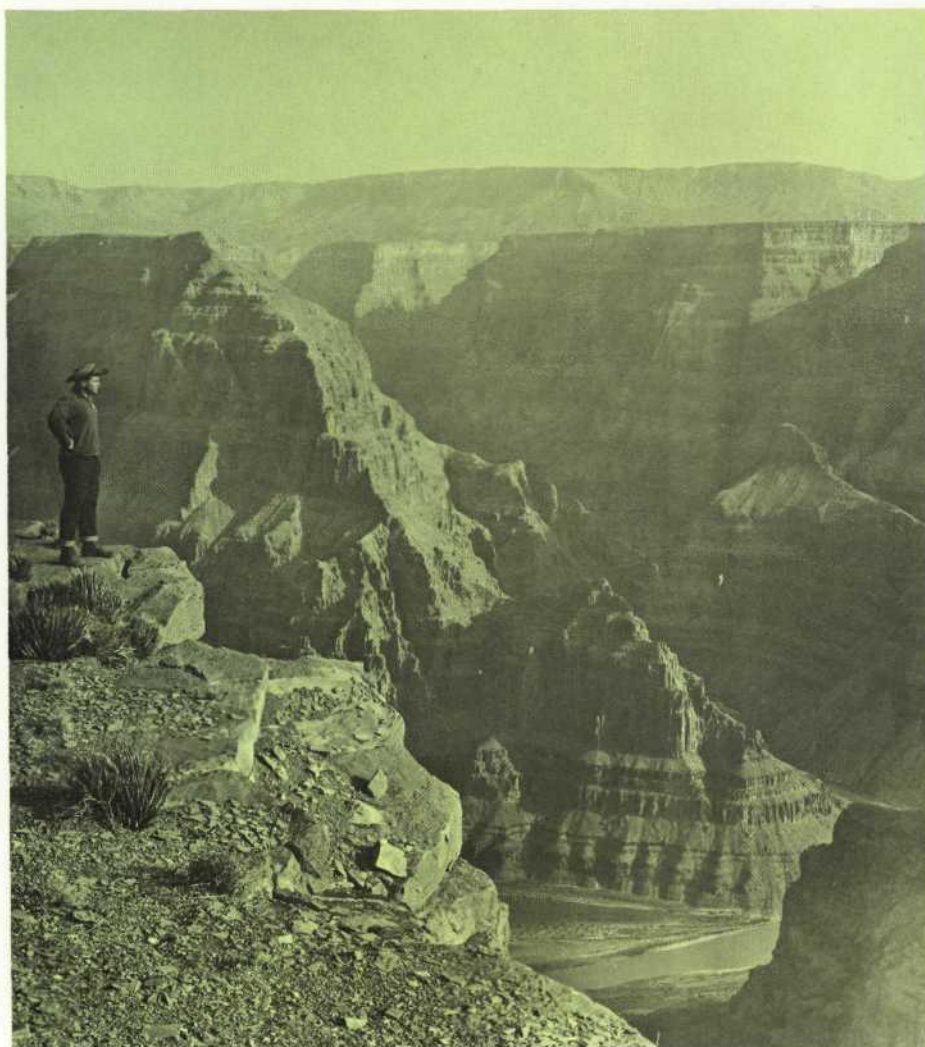
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HUALAPAI HOLIDAY

BY ROGER MITCHELL



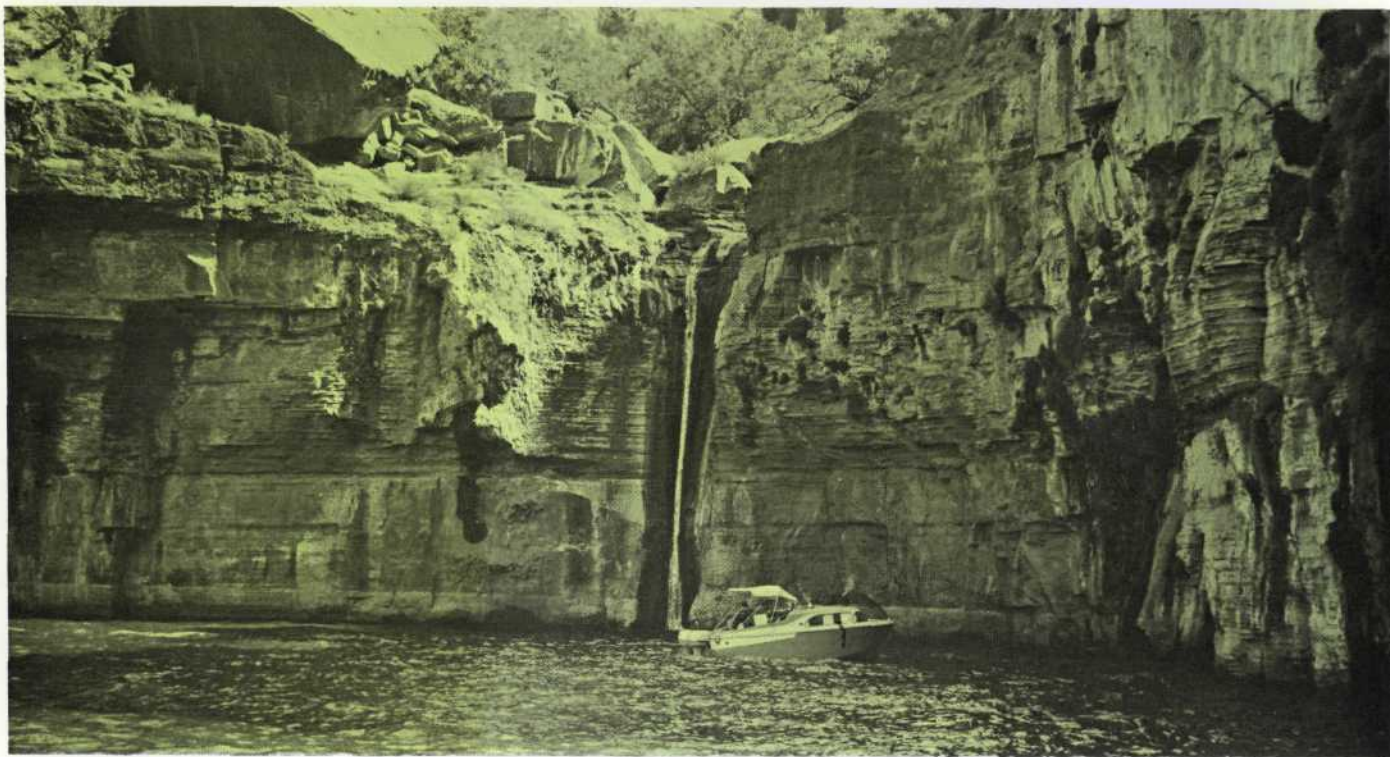
At Honagi Point the Grand Canyon lies below and no tourists crowd behind.



URING THE Labor Day weekend last year, some 17,795 people visited the south rim of the Grand Canyon. Another 3,901 peered down into the chasm from the northern rim. My wife and I wanted to spend the last weekend of the summer at the Grand Canyon, but we did not want to fight hordes of humanity with their honking horns, crying babies, and transistor radios. The question was then, where can we go to soak in the scenery yet avoid the crowds?

Connie commented, "Something as immense as the Grand Canyon surely must have some forgotten corner, someplace that has been bypassed and overlooked by the tourists."

We checked various Arizona road maps, but none suggested the hideaway we were seeking. On the 1:250,000 Williams Topographic sheet, however, we noticed an intriguing secondary road not shown on most maps. It started on Highway 65 just west of the community of Peach Springs and proceeded north through the Hualapai Indian Reservation to eventually join U.S. Highways 93 and 466 at a point between Kingman and Las Vegas. Several sideroads off this secondary road extended to the very edge of the Grand Canyon on its extreme western end. Could this be the forgotten corner we were looking for? As we set off that Saturday morning we had no

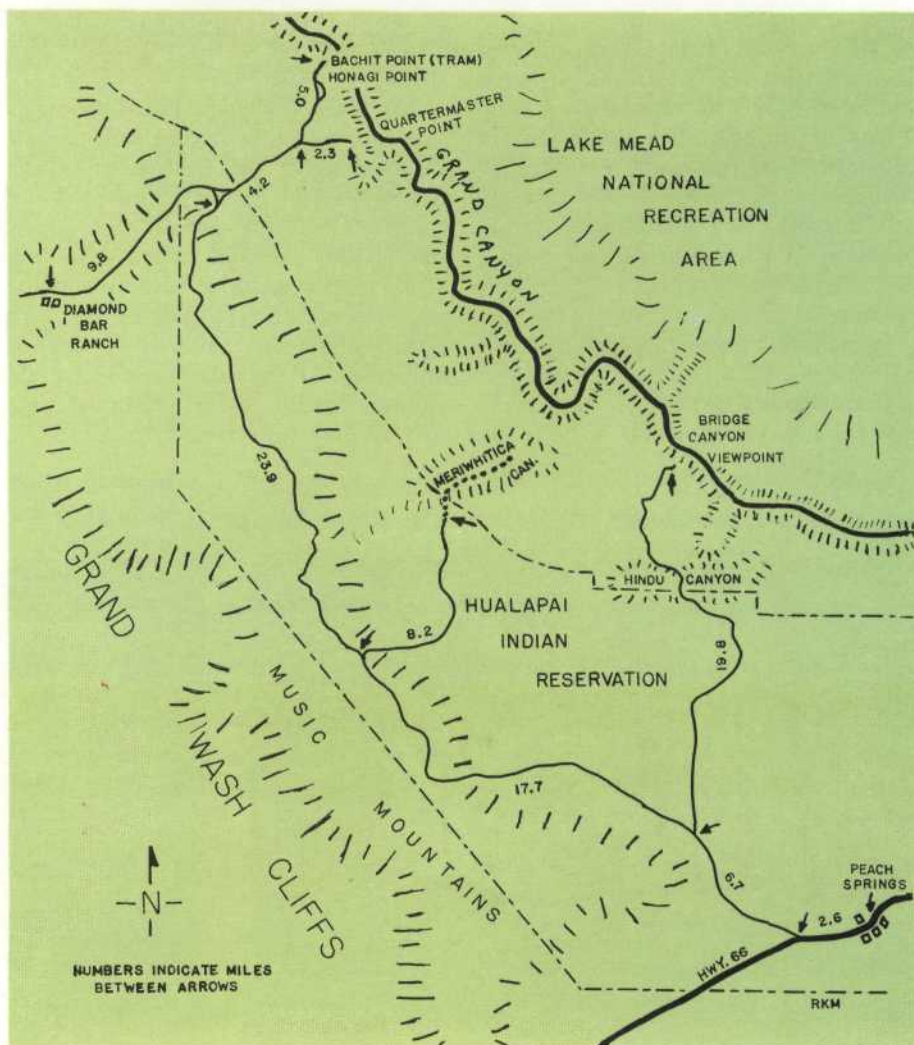


When the water level of Lake Mead was high in 1962, *DESERT* publisher Jack Pepper took this photo from below Quartermaster Point, where waterfalls and fern-hung grottos lured only the most adventurous of boaters.

idea that this lonely land would offer everything we had hoped for and much more.

The route is not difficult to find. From Peach Springs, take U.S. Highway 66 to a point 2.6 mi. west. Here a dirt road starts north and a large sign warns that you are entering the Hualapai Indian Reservation and that hunting and trapping are strictly prohibited. Follow the wide graded road in a northeasterly direction for 6.7 miles. After crossing a cattle guard, another side road starts north. For those with conventional automobiles or pick-up trucks, continue straight ahead, this side road is not for you.

For those with 4-wheel drive vehicles, this is the road to the Bridge Canyon Overlook, a magnificent sight set amid some spectacular country. Turn right on this side road and soon the rolling hills of juniper will be replaced by flat, open grasslands. The road is in good condition for 4.3 miles until it passes a F.A.A. VORTAC aircraft navigational aid. From here on the road is not maintained, but nevertheless is well-defined by the numerous tracks which lead to an abandoned ranch house just over the hill. Follow the set of tracks which bypass the ranch house to the right. Pass through the gate—be sure to close it behind you. Continue northward and at a point 3.4 miles from the F.A.A. VORTAC you will encounter a fork in the road. By this time the "road" will have deteriorated into no



more than a set of tracks worn into the prairie. Take the left fork and within a couple of miles you will begin the steep descent into Hindo Canyon. It is only a mile to the bottom of the canyon, but the road is in poor condition and 4-wheel drive will be needed for the return trip.

Once in the canyon bottom, the tracks proceed west three miles where they once again turn north up a side canyon. It is best to engage the front wheel drive here, for once out of Hindo Canyon, the road winds across stratified layers of sandstone. Although seldom used, it is easy to follow.

As you proceed northward, the opposite rim of the canyon begins to take shape. The flat plateau country, however, hides any trace of the enormous secret it is about to reveal. At a point 15.5 miles from the F.A.A. VORTAC the road ends abruptly on a rocky promontory at the very edge of the Grand Canyon. If you arrive in the morning as we did, the maze of canyons to the east will be bathed in purple shadows while to the west the Colorado River will sparkle from the bottom of its bright red gorge.

This is the site of the proposed Bridge Canyon Dam which, if constructed, would form a 93-mile long lake in the bottom of Grand Canyon. Recommendation for its construction has been submitted to Congress by the Bureau of Reclamation, but the project is presently embroiled in the midst of a bitter controversy. Conservation groups are opposed to the dam's construction because, if created, the lake will inundate much of Granite Gorge and destroy scenic attractions such as the lower part of Havasu Creek and the lava flows at the mouth of Toroweap Valley. On



The road to the bridge overlook is a little rough in spots!

the other hand, the Bureau of Reclamation says the proposed dam is a vital part of their "Lower Colorado River Basin Project" and the loss of scenic attractions is the price of "progress".

For those unable to take this rugged side trip, do not be disheartened. Equally thrilling sights can be found by continuing straight on the graded road after crossing the cattle guard. The graded road passes through rolling hills with sunny slopes under a cover of juniper and pinyon pine. The crest of each ridge reveals a secluded valley with only the brown line of the road breaking the wilderness setting. It is appropriate that these rolling hills should be named the

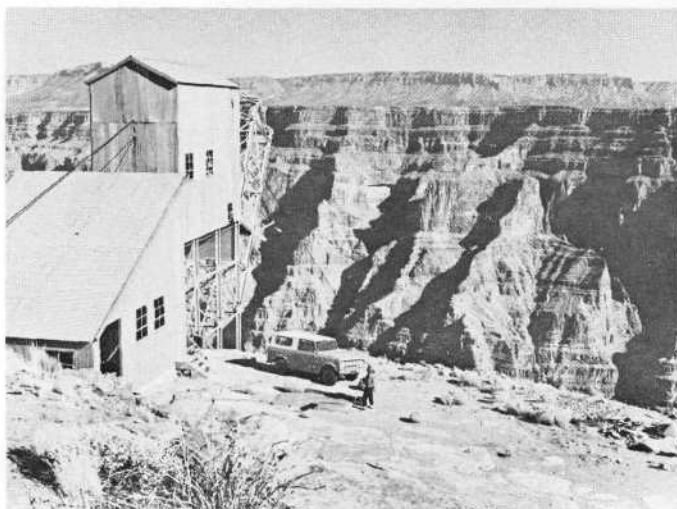
Music Mountains—the wind, clouds and sky harmonize with the trees, birds and wildflowers in one magnificent scenic symphony.

At a point 24.4 miles from the turnoff on Highway 66, a side road turns right. After 8.2 miles this road ends on a sandstone cliff overlooking Meriwhitica Canyon. A four-mile trail descends the canyon and leads to a spring surrounded by huge cottonwoods. This scenic oasis is known locally as Indian Gardens. About 24 miles beyond this turnoff (48.3 miles from Highway 66), a grove of stunted juniper almost hides another side road which turns left toward the canyon. Here rolling hills again meld into open grasslands of the high prairie and is very similar to the "high veldt" of Africa.

After traveling 4.2 miles, the road forks. The right fork is in poor condition, but may be used with caution by standard vehicles. After 2.3 miles this fork dead-ends at Quartermaster Point. The elevation of the rim at this point is 5,000 feet, and there is a clear, unobstructed view of the Colorado River some 2,000 feet below. Each of these viewpoints has its own special charm and Quartermaster's view is no exception.

The left fork begins to parallel the rim of the canyon and continues for a distance of 5 miles. It was getting late on that September afternoon as we bounced along the road. Silhouetted in the setting sun was a Rocky Mountain Mule Deer, a magnificent buck, a scant 30 yards from us. He watched with curiosity as we drove by and then continued to graze, undisturbed by our presence. Darkness was falling fast as we reached the canyon's rim and we stopped to make camp at the first flat spot. This is no place to be driving around at night. The plateau ends abruptly with

The tram terminus on Bachit Point is no place to be driving after dark.



The road to Diamond Bar Ranch passes through a Joshua forest at the base of Grand Wash Cliffs.



a step almost a half-mile down! Even driving at 20 mph., the edge can come up quickly, perhaps even in less time than it takes to step on the brakes.

Our camp was on the very edge of the chasm. We were only 15 feet west of the river, but some 2,000 feet straight above it. Clearly, no place for a sleep-walker. When we awoke the following morning we witnessed one of nature's daily spectacles, a sunrise over the Grand Canyon. From the comfort of our sleeping bags we watched the first rays of a new day beam over the horizon. Purple shadows receded as the sun-bathed canyon walls turned from blue to pink. High above, in the crisp, cool air, a hawk made lazy circles over our camp. As the light increased, we discovered we were camping on Honagi Point. We could not have selected a finer campsite if we had searched all day. After breaking camp, we continued to follow the road to its end two miles north. The road ends at the upper terminus of an abandoned tram-line. The tram-line had been constructed in 1956 and 1957 to transport bat guano from a large cave located across the canyon. While the cave contains an estimated ten million dollars worth of guano, the operation was not a financial success and shut down shortly after opening. The tram-line still remains, however, spanning a horizontal distance of some 7,500 feet. The corrugated metal buildings housing the upper terminus of the tram are built on the very tip of Bachit Point. The spectacular view is shared only by a few birds nesting in the rafters of the abandoned buildings.

After spending most of the morning exploring this small section of the rim, we back-tracked the nine miles to the "main road". One again we turned north and after 1.6 miles approached a gate marking the end of the Hualapai Reservation. Junipers give way to Joshua trees and the road descends into a canyon from the plateau. Orchards and buildings of the Diamond Bar Ranch are eight miles beyond the reservation. From here it is an additional 22 miles of dirt road and 12 miles of paved road to the Kingman-Las Vegas highway. Anyone planning to take this trip should be sure to start with a full tank of gas. We had traveled a total of almost 200 miles before reaching the paved road and a gas station.

Until we stopped to talk with the people at the Diamond Bar Ranch, we had not seen a living soul since leaving Highway 66. We had, indeed, left the crowds behind; yet we had seen some of the most spectacular country in North America. □

The Great Sand Box



by Nada May Ramsdale



LIKE A great white ocean, the surf of the White Sands National Monument flows beside Highway 70 a few miles from Alamogordo, New Mexico. The billowing waves of white sand (as the gypsum is erroneously called) cover 27 square miles and are often referred to as one of the wonders of the world.

Unlike true round grains of sand, the angular flakes of gypsum dissolve in water and when completely dry become pure plaster of Paris. Moisture and constant movement keep it from congealing into a hard, rock-like mass.

Little commercial use is made of the gypsum from the White Sands National Monument because smaller deposits occur in less isolated spots. It is used for Plaster of Paris casts, toothpaste, crayons, match heads and as an additive for building materials.

Located in the vast Tularosa Basin, this gypsum was created when the earth was young, millions of years ago. The volume continues to increase because of the standing water of Lake Lucero in the southwest corner of the basin. Like the Dead Sea, the small lake has no outlet. After the water is evaporated, the wind pulverizes the residue of glassy selenite crystals and whirls them into shining drifts. There is water below the surface that tells plants to grow, but the moving sand and the high chemical content above tells them otherwise. More than 100 species of plant life have been counted by the museum people, yet the visitor to-

day sees only a few. The yucca, with its flower-topped stalk, holds no fear of drifting sands. Yet if the dunes on which it grows roll way, the yucca cannot stand alone. Early Spanish settlers called the yucca "candles of the Lord" because of their sparkling beauty at night.

The cottonwood, the only tree to survive the sands, becomes twisted and stunted on top as its heavy root system sends out thick tenacles to hold the sand close for support. Buffalo gourds along the fringes of the area splash yellow and pink against the white sand during spring and summer.

A number of animals live in these dunes, but more wander in and leave after a short visit. The white Apache mouse and the bleached earless lizard are found nowhere else in the world. Children have fun searching for these little white animals, but the easiest way to see them is at the museum near the entrance gate. They are nocturnal and very shy.

At the end of the loop-drive into the heart of the dunes is a picnic area. Here the surface is moist, firm and flat, surrounded by huge dunes that cast dramatic shadows. Sunset is quite enough reason to linger, when surrounding mountains are bathed in purple and the sun sinks into a blaze of red and gold.

Not only children shed their shoes to wade, tumble and roll down the steep slopes of the rippling dunes. Adults, also, can't resist a friendly invitation to play in Nature's sand box. □

Land of the Havasupai

by G. Michael Horton



MAN HAS chosen a great variety of places to dwell, but none as beautiful nor secluded as the labyrinth-surrounded canyon of the Havasupai. Placed in the midst of dry running gorges and twisting canyons is a green, well-watered land bounded by soaring walls and sunlit towers. In the lush sub-tropical bottom-land lives a small tribe of Indians. This is the land of the blue-green water and the little known Havasupai Indians are its people. The world of Havasupai is one of contrasts, a world of endless variety, of vastness and confinement.

Cataract Canyon, now more properly known as Havasu Canyon, cuts across Arizona's northern plateau from the Bill Williams Mountains on the south to the Grand Canyon. Twenty years ago, the Hualapai, Zuni, and Topocoba trails led to Supai village located deep in Havasu Canyon. Today, however, only the Hualapai and Topocoba are used, the Zuni trail being nearly impassable. The seclusion of the Havasupai is so complete that their only connections with the outside world are a rather intermittent telephone line and a mail service packed in from Peach Springs, 72 miles to the west. The post office in Supai is one of the last whose mail is still transported by pack animal.

Turning off Highway 66, seven miles south of Peach Springs, I drove 65 miles along a graded dirt road to Hualapai Point. At the trail head at Hualapai Point is an ancient crank phone. Not being properly versed in the intricacies of this weathered instrument, I had difficulty operating it. After a number of vigorous cranks and a startling jolt when I experimentally poked the dry cells, I managed to raise Alfred Hanna, the Indian Tourist Manager at Supai. Depending upon the adventurousness of your mood, it is possible to arrange for horses to ride to Supai, or to hike. Alfred agreed to

send a pack horse to the trailhead to pick up my equipment, since I heroically insisted upon hiking the 10 miles to the village. In that distance, the trail descended 4300 feet and traversed one of the most complete stratigraphic exposures on earth. In the first 1½ miles alone, the trail dropped 2500 feet by means of 31 switchbacks.

Scattered throughout the canyon maze leading to Supai, are prehistoric petroglyphs chipped into the red wall sandstone, many of them thickly coated with desert varnish. One of the most striking, and one whose location precluded my photographing it, portrays a man fighting what appears to be some type of dinosaur. Theoretically, dinosaurs were extinct eons prior to man's appearance on earth. The original discovery of these petroglyphs caused considerable consternation in the scientific world. Either man had been on the earth longer than was originally allowed, or dinosaurs were prevalent long after they were thought to be extinct.

I was seriously beginning to doubt the wisdom of hiking to the village when I came to the junction of the Topocoba and Hualapai trails. At this point spring-fed Havasu Creek is full grown and the trail changes from a dry water course to a path along the creek bank, shaded by willows and cottonwoods. After thrice fording the creek, I received a welcoming fanfare of barking and growling from the village dogs of Supai, two and one-half miles from the Forest Service campsite below Havasu Falls, which was my destination.

Havasupai Canyon derives its fame and beauty from the blue-green stream which runs the full length of the canyon to empty into the Colorado River. But the most striking feature of the canyon is the series of four waterfalls spanning the creek's length. The first one below the village is Navajo Falls, followed by Havasu Falls, Mooney Falls, and then just four

miles above the Colorado, Beaver Falls.

Although the white man named Havasu Falls, the Indians continue to call it "Wah-hath-peek-ha-ha." Havasu Falls plunges 120 feet into a blue-green pool and is probably the most beautiful of the four falls of Havasu Canyon. Lining the turquoise pool and the creek below are spray-drenched maidenhair ferns and clumps of bright green water cress. The water is so heavily laden with lime and calcite that it forms travertine dams wherever there is the slightest obstruction to its flow. These travertine dams create beautiful pools and spillways along the whole course of the stream. The drifting spray constantly drenches the trees growing at the base of the falls. The spray deposits lime and calcite on tree limbs to such an extent that in the spring the trees have difficulty budding. In the past, when the stream changed course after the sometimes devastating spring floods, it left huge scalloped travertine draperies swagged against the cliff sides.

Havasupai Falls became the base for my activities, not only for its excellent camping grounds, but it is an ideal swimming place. It is even possible to walk around behind the falls and shower in the spray hind the plunging curtain of water. Running laterally from Havasu Falls is Carbonate Canyon. I found an old vanadium mine and several placers, well hidden by the jumble of rocks and boulders. There is evidence of small scale mining operations and exploration throughout the myriad of canyons branching from Havasu Canyon. One evening about dusk I was standing at the mouth of the old vanadium mine when thousands of bats swarmed out of its gaping mouth. As I learned later, most of Arizona's bat population is found in these canyons.

About a mile downstream from Havasu Falls is Mooney Falls. Mooney is higher than Niagara and in my mind has an unchallenged grandeur and beauty. Cas-

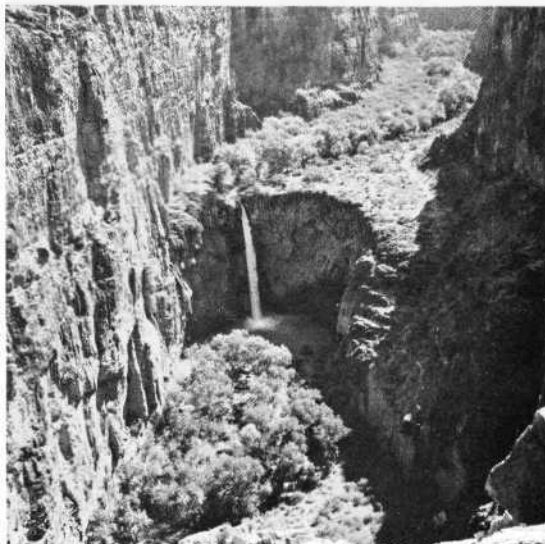




Above: The stone monoliths of Wig-eva and Wiggali figure prominently in the Havasupai legends.



*Above: Indian rockwall painting.
Below: Mooney Falls, is higher than Niagara.*



cading more than 220 feet, Mooney's waters plunge into an extremely deep and constantly agitated pool of the purest turquoise. The force with which the falling water strikes the pool creates breakers which are dashed and broken against the sheer walls hemming the pool. In terms of power and awesomeness, Mooney is overwhelming. The falls received its name in 1910 when a prospector named Mooney fell to his death while being lowered on a rope to its base.

Covering the granite bedrock of Mooney's cliffs are deep, relatively soft deposits of travertine and porous limestone. In times past, an ingenious prospector dug a series of tunnels through the soft deposits. After crawling along the outer face of the cliff and scrambling through the travertine tunnels, he drove steel eye-bolts into the cliff sides. Still a good hundred feet above the foot of the falls, he carved shallow steps into the rock facing and threaded a wire cable through the eye bolts. With the aid of this jury-rigged ladder, I clambered down Mooney's spray-slickened sides. Where the pool spills over the travertine dams is a small island with lush grass and patches of wild celery growing in profusion—it's an ideal spot for a rest and picnic.

After his death, Mooney's unnamed friends began to mine lead and silver from one of the most inaccessible mines I have ever seen. They detected a promising ore outcropping 250 feet above the canyon floor. In order to have samples for assay, they shot off chips of the exposed vein with their rifles. The vein proved to be rich enough to mine. The determination of these unsung prospectors was so great that they built a ladder straight up the towering wall. At the head of the ladder, they drove a 30-foot tunnel and proceeded to mine their hard won ore.

Transportation was so difficult however, that in 16 years of labor, only 100 tons was mined. From their skyline mine, the miners lowered the ore in baskets. The ore was then carried 200 yards to the foot of the next rampart and lifted 150 feet to the trail level. Here it was loaded on burros and packed 75 miles to a railroad head and then shipped to the smelters. With all profits consumed by transportation costs, the indefatigable miner finally quit or died. The ladder still clings to the sheer cliff and is a telling monument to his fantastic effort.

Eight miles below Mooney Falls, the blue-green waters of Havasu Creek pour into the churning Colorado. Turquoise streamers shoot into the chocolate current, only to be swirled away in the stronger

torrent. From Mooney Falls an old and not always distinct trails leads to the Colorado, eight miles distant. Marking the half-way point is Beaver Falls. Actually a series of spillways dropping 40 feet, Beaver Falls provides a peaceful contrast to Mooney's thundering might. Ferns, lush grass and the omnipresent spicy wild celery abound, providing an excellent camp site. The hike to the Colorado requires a full day, but it makes a good exploratory trip and photographic possibilities are endless.

What of the Indians inhabiting this hidden canyon? They are called the Havasupai which, translated, means "people of the blue-green waters." Over a thousand years ago, the Havasupai either migrated or were driven by fierce rim tribes into Havasu Canyon. There are archeological evidences strewn throughout the canyon whose ages pre-date the thousand year estimation. Until the early 1900s, there was little contact with them, excepting the Spanish explorer Cardenas in 1540 and Garces, a Spanish mission priest, in 1776. From the Indians themselves, I have heard stories about a grave of a man in full armor. I've attempted to find the grave several times, but the stories are not sufficiently specific as to location, and the Havasupai are reluctant to give explicit directions. On my last trip I found an old Havasupai graveyard on the secondary esplanade above Navajo Falls. The graves were marked by prickly pear cactus which had been planted over them as protection from animals. I'm reasonably sure that if the grave of the presumably Spanish explorer exists, it is in this particular graveyard. Because of its age, the rock border surrounding the graveyard has all but disappeared and the Havasupai only vaguely remember it. I had neither the time nor the permission of the Havasupai to dig, so for the time being, at least, this evidence of the extent and determination of the Spanish explorers must remain a mystery.

For those desiring to make a trip to Havasu Canyon, the Indians rent horses to their increasingly frequent visitors, and it is possible to take extensive exploratory trips into the numerous lateral canyons. For information about the Havasupai and prices for horses, write the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Phoenix. They will send you a two-page mimeographed sheet containing all the necessary information. To arrange for riding and pack horses directly, simply write to the Indian Tourist Manager, Supai, Arizona. Allow plenty of time, however, since time moves slowly in Supai. □

LITTLE TOWN LOST

by Val Leetch



OR seven summers my husband and I have vacationed in Kanab, Utah, for we are incurable artifacts hunters and this area is a lucrative one.

Last summer we concentrated on visiting spots we had missed on prior trips, particularly the old Mormon townsite of Paria, or "Pah-reah," as the natives call it.

What is left of this tiny town is situated near the junction of Paria and Cottonwood creeks, about 42 miles east of Kanab and 35 miles north of historical Lee's Ferry, as barren and unlikely a spot as can be imagined.

One Peter Shurtz was the first hardy soul to settle here. In 1865 he located a claim and when the village was established, he built a substantial stone house which he occupied until danger from Indians and outlaws caused the Mormon church to order the few settlers in the area to leave. Shurtz refused to go, determined to take care of his own, until a posse was sent to take his family to safety.

Later, in 1870, nine families resettled in the isolated area. For some unaccountable reason the village was begun in the very bed of the dry creeks. After the settlers had planted their meager crops, they were forced to move to higher and higher ground, as floods inundated the townsite. By 1892, floods had so ravaged the village that one by one the settlers lost courage and left. In 1929 only a single man remained. A year later Paria was bereft of him.

Many famous movies have been made against its scenic backdrop of vivid cliffs and a Western movie set still remains, which is used from time to time. To reach the ghost town of Paria you travel east on Highway 89 from Kanab until you reach a sharp left turn onto a narrow dirt road marked "Paria." The road

becomes extremely narrow, but may be traveled in a passenger car. The scenery has an eerie quality—smoky plumes of tamarisk against ghostly formations of blue-gray clay cliffs with stripes of dark brown, wrinkled and puckered as an aged Indian's face. The road leads through the center of the movie set and continues on to a sad, little cemetery located on a rise to the left. Here is recorded heartbreaking proof that many were not equal to the unbelievable hardships. Four families are mentioned specifically. Many of their children died the very day they were born.

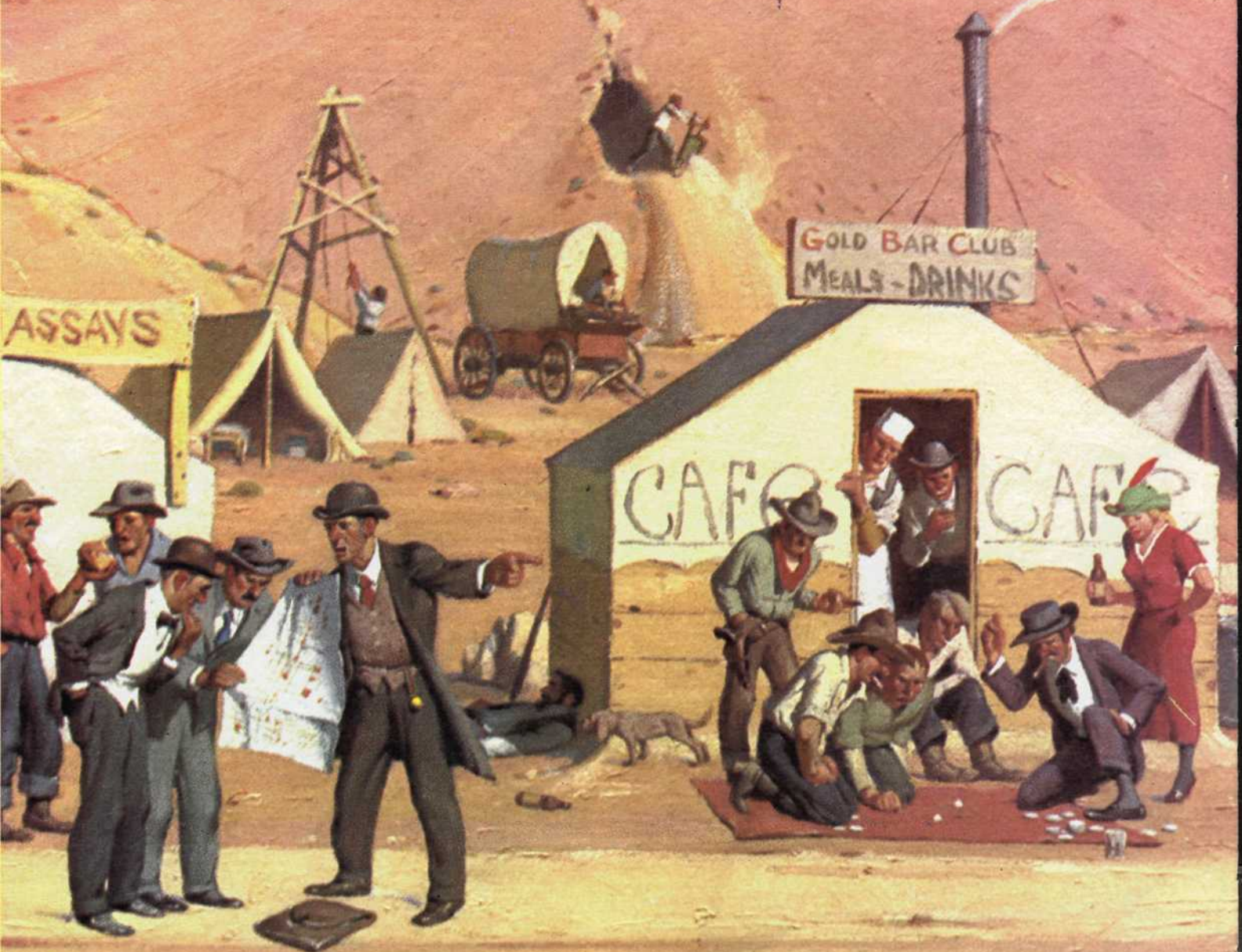
A bit farther along you must ford a docile stream or park your car and wade across it. On the opposite side is a log cabin with a single room, its fireplace still intact and shelves built along the walls. Paria was a refuge for the multiple wives of the Mormon polygamists during a time when the government was giving them trouble. What a lonely existence this must have been for those women!

In the center of the village was a communal corral divided into small pens. Everything was tithed, from crops to cattle. Stone for the cabins had to be hauled a considerable distance from the great cliffs in the background. Since the settlers were furnished absolutely nothing by the Church, they manufactured everything they used, down to the very nails for their pitiful buildings. One cabin is still partially papered with yellowed newspapers, on which no trace of a date can be found. Fireplaces and roofs have crumbled, but there remains enough to commemorate the tragedies and the loves these stubborn people endured. Was there ever gaiety here? Did children ever laugh and play?

In this day when everything is so easy for the human race, it behooves you visit the desolate little township of Paria, if for no other reason than to count your blessings. □

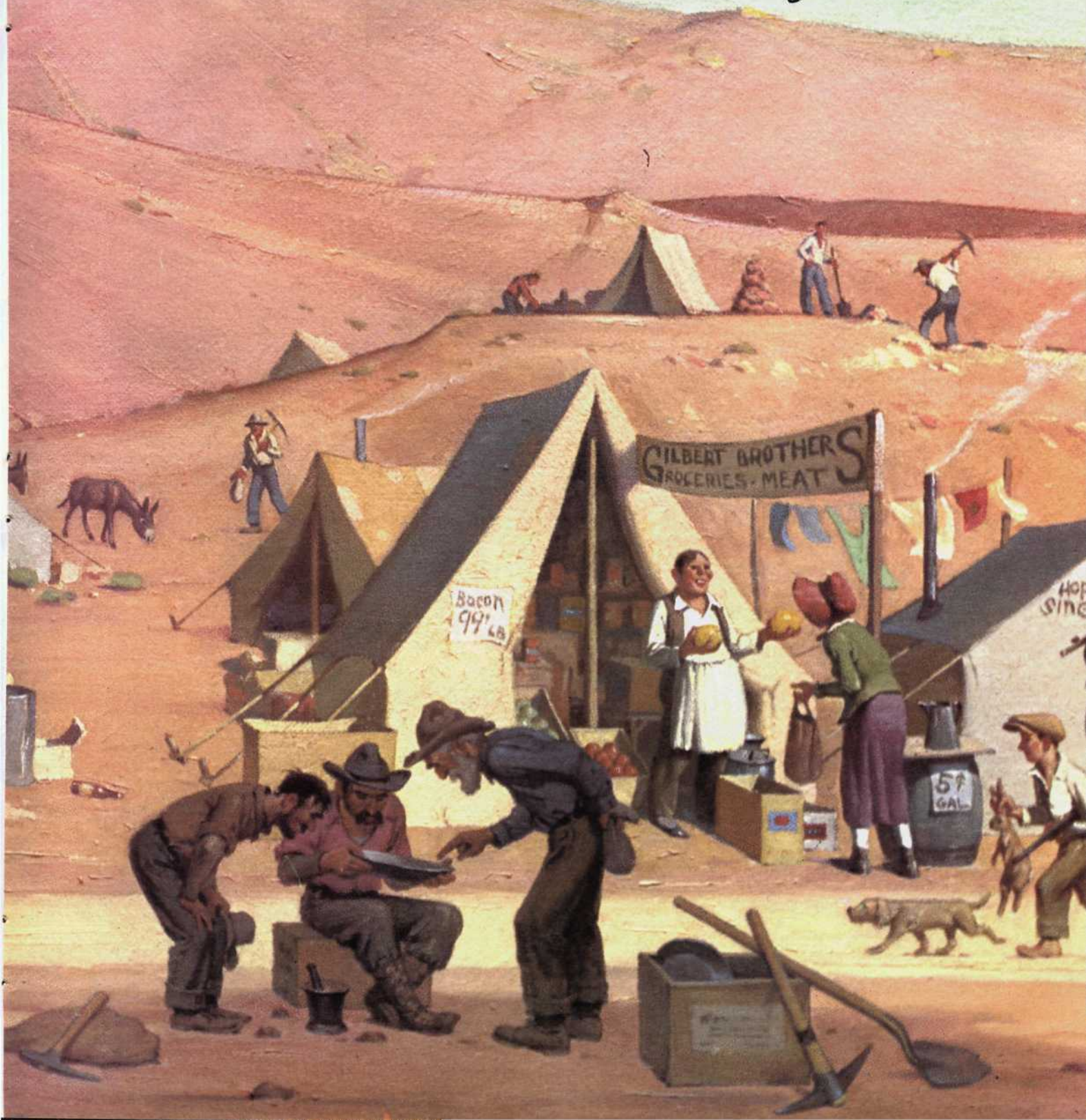
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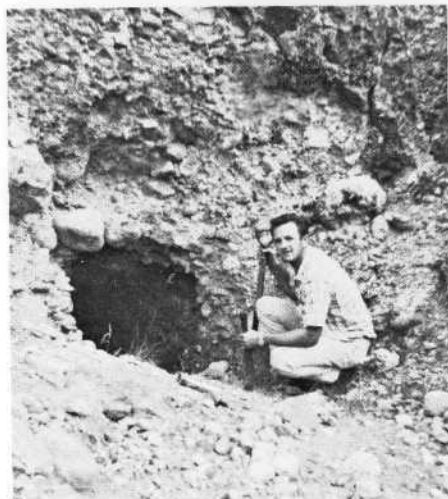
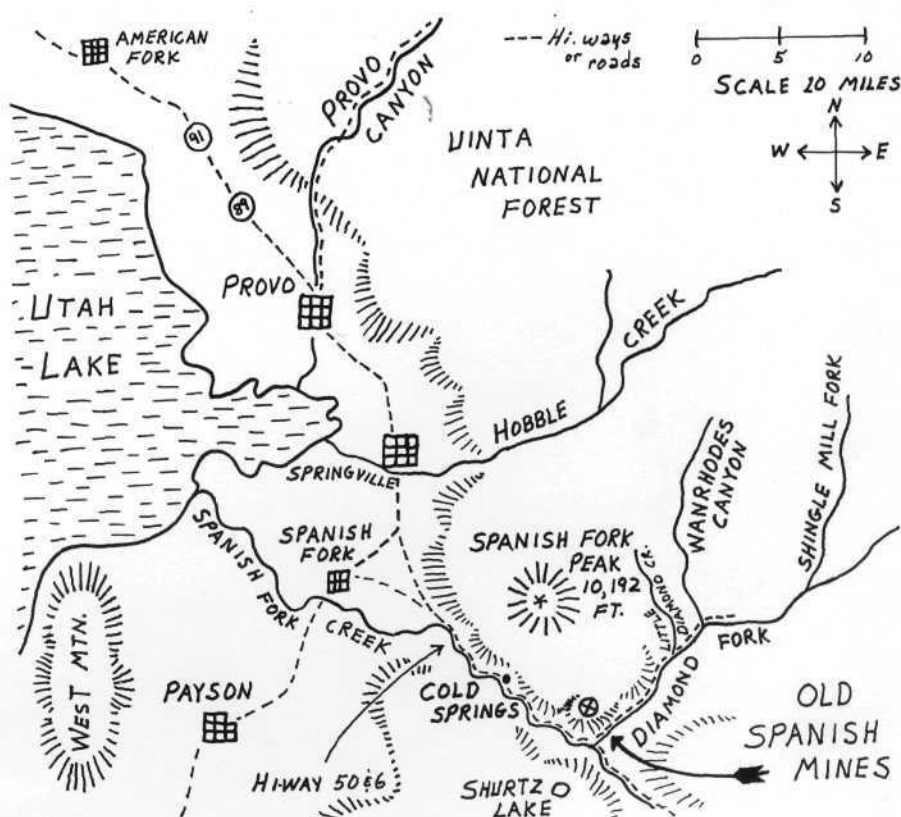
UTAH'S OLD SPANISH MINE

by Gale Rhoades



EARLY SETTLERS in Utah Valley were familiar with the story that a decade before they arrived there, valuable gold and silver mines in the surrounding mountains had been worked by the Spaniards. Even as late as the 1860s, settlers occasionally saw Spaniards passing through the valley with their long strings of pack mules. The settlers supposed that these Spaniards mined somewhere in their mountains, but they said nothing, for in those days they had their hands full protecting their families from the restless Indians. Yet, they often heard of fierce encounters between the Ute Indians and the Spaniards.

In speaking of these Spanish miners and their huge pack trains, Mr. Mormon V. Selman, a Mormon missionary to the Indians, related the following: "My father used to tell me of a time in the early days when a pack train came down from the mountains and camped by his place for a few days to rest up their small pack mules. He said they loaded these



The entrance to the south shaft.

animals with a heavy pack load that did not appear to be very large, but it was all those mules could carry.

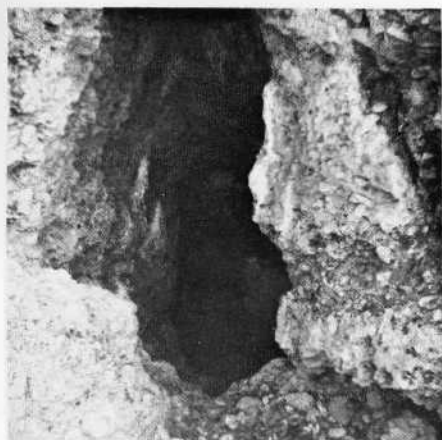
"The men kept an armed guard at their camp and no one was allowed near. He said that they stayed a few days and then went south. A few days later there was a report that some Indians had killed those men down on Chicken Creek (Levan, near Nephi) and had stolen the mules and horses and whatever those animals were loaded with. No one suspected that Indians would steal a pack train, so everybody decided that it was someone who had dressed up as Indians."

Such stories were not at all uncommon during the 1860s, for about that time the Ute Indians rebelled against the Spaniard's Indian slave labor tactics and killed

or drove then from the mountains of northern and central Utah.

The above bit of history lends substance to a legend which has intrigued residents of Utah Valley for several generations. Long ago a man of Spanish blood who had migrated from Utah to Arizona spoke of the long pack trains of burros which, in his childhood, made annual treks heavily laden with gold from the Utah Valley. The old Spaniard described the mines as being about 30 miles from a large body of water (Utah Lake). To find them you would have to follow a river up a canyon through the mountain to the first large stream that emptied into the river. The old man also told of how the miners had abandoned their mines when they were driven away by the re-

The author is standing about 20 feet inside the north shaft.



bellious Ute Indians after many of their numbers had been murdered and their bodies mutilated and thrown into the shafts.

The Indians, too, told stories of brutality. For many years the Spanish forced them to work in the mines as slaves. The Indians near Utah Lake, however, were more tight-lipped about the incident, saying only that they had killed and buried the Spaniards at the bottom of the shafts. One who had taken a large part in the massacre when he was a young warrior later told a Mormon pioneer that the mines were up "Pick-quanah-pah We-woods," which means "Spanish Fork Canyon."

When the story of Spanish Fork Canyon leaked out, many a pioneer left his plow to journey into the mountains in search of lost treasure. However, none ever found the mines and the secret location remained a mystery—at least until the fall of 1956 when my father, Clark

M. Rhodes, stumbled upon what we believe to be the old Spanish mines. He was hunting deer in the area of Spanish Fork Canyon and Diamond Fork junction, just off Highway 50 and 6. At the time of his discovery he knew nothing of the Spanish legend. He had been hunting deer along the mountain side when he came across several fresh bobcat tracks. These he followed through the snow, until they led him to their den. When he reached the den, it turned out to be two very old mine shafts. At that time he did not investigate the mines as the snow was deep and he had no flashlight.

Instead, he returned during the following summer, making frequent visits and gathering many rich ore samples which assay reports revealed to be gold and silver. The bottoms of the shafts looked as though they had been filled in and sounded as though they were hollow underneath. At the bottom of one, he found several (three or four) old Spanish shoulder yokes which had been used to haul the ore from the shafts. These were about three feet long and had been cut from the heavy wood of a Cedar tree, but through the years they had deteriorated and were now as light as driftwood. At the center of each yoke, a notch had been cut to allow a place for the miners necks and at each end metal hangers had been placed to hold the heavy ore buckets. The hangers were so badly rusted that parts fell way at his touch. Not far from the weather-beaten yokes were several ore buckets and these also were badly rusted and full of holes.

Dad didn't do any digging in the bottom of the shafts as he was afraid they were hollow underneath. In view of this, there has been little work done in the mines since he discovered them.

After that summer of 1957, the mines were not visited again until 1964, after I had talked my brother into showing me their hidden location. It was only a one-day journey and we were accompanied by my cousin, Garry Rhodes. We left Salt Lake City at 10:00 that morning, parked the car near the Spanish Fork and Diamond Fork junction at 12:00 noon, and started our hike up the mountain side. It was a comparatively short hike, being only about one-and-one-half miles from the car, but the mines are difficult to find because one part of the mountain looks much like another.

I would like to explain everything we saw, what we did, and what we found. By doing so, it is my intention that the reader may get a much better picture of the area, and, perhaps, a better under-



The openings of the north and south shafts are overgrown with brush and are hard to find.

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standing as to how the Spaniards had mined here in the early days.

Both shafts were just over the far side of the ridge and were about 15-20 feet distant from each other—being only about 15 feet below the top of the ridge. Both were parallel to the other and both entered the mountain at about a 45-degree angle. And, like many other old Spanish mines, they had been mined in such a way that steps had been formed

so that the climb in and out was made less difficult. At one point—about 20 feet from the entrances—the two shafts were connected by a hole only large enough for a man to crawl through. The size of the shafts varied, but their average size was about 3-4 feet in width and 5-6 feet in height. The north shaft was about 90 feet deep whereas the south shaft reached a total depth of about 110 feet. It was interesting to me how much

alike the two shafts were. They even made a slight curve, in the same direction, at about the 50-foot level. Both appeared to have been filled in at the bottom and they both sounded hollow underneath our feet—at the very bottom. There was a small room at the bottom of one. A dump ran down the hillside from the two mines, but it was covered with oak bushes and could not be seen from the adjacent ridge.

The only other evidence of age was an old spike about six inches long and one-half-inch thick. This was found about 25 feet below the south shaft on the old dump. We had no trouble breaking it in half because it almost crumbled away. There was, however, at its very center a section of metal which had not yet rusted. This was only as big around as a needle.

We had brought a couple of shovels and lights, so decided to dig into the floor of the south shaft. This shaft was the deepest, and the one with the small room at its end. When we had dug down two feet, we uncovered at old metal hinge from a wood water barrel. At the three foot level we uncovered a log which ran horizontally across the shaft which went straight down from the room in the larger shaft. This log, or pole, was grooved where a rope had been thrown over it to haul the valuable ore from the vertical shaft.

It was obvious that these shafts had been filled-in rather than caved-in because they had been dug through solid conglomerate rock and quartz and the dirt at the bottom was very soft and not consistent in nature with that surrounding it. Which brings us back to the question—are these shafts the Spanish mines that the old Spaniard and the Indians talked about? Taking the Spaniard's statement at face value, that the mines were in the vicinity of the first large stream that emptied into the river and wound its way through the canyon and into the Utah Lake 30 miles distant—then of all the rivers which pass through canyons from Utah Lake into the mountains, only one river and canyon meets this description. That is Spanish Fork! It might be well to mention also that the old Indian said the mines were up Pick-quanah We-woods (Spanish Fork Canyon). Every clue known thus far suggests that they are one and the same. We have never had the time nor the money to claim and record the mines, but this summer we plan to do more exploration and excavation work. If we uncover any old Spanish skeletons, we'll be sure to let you know.

Who knows, maybe we'll see you there, too . . . □

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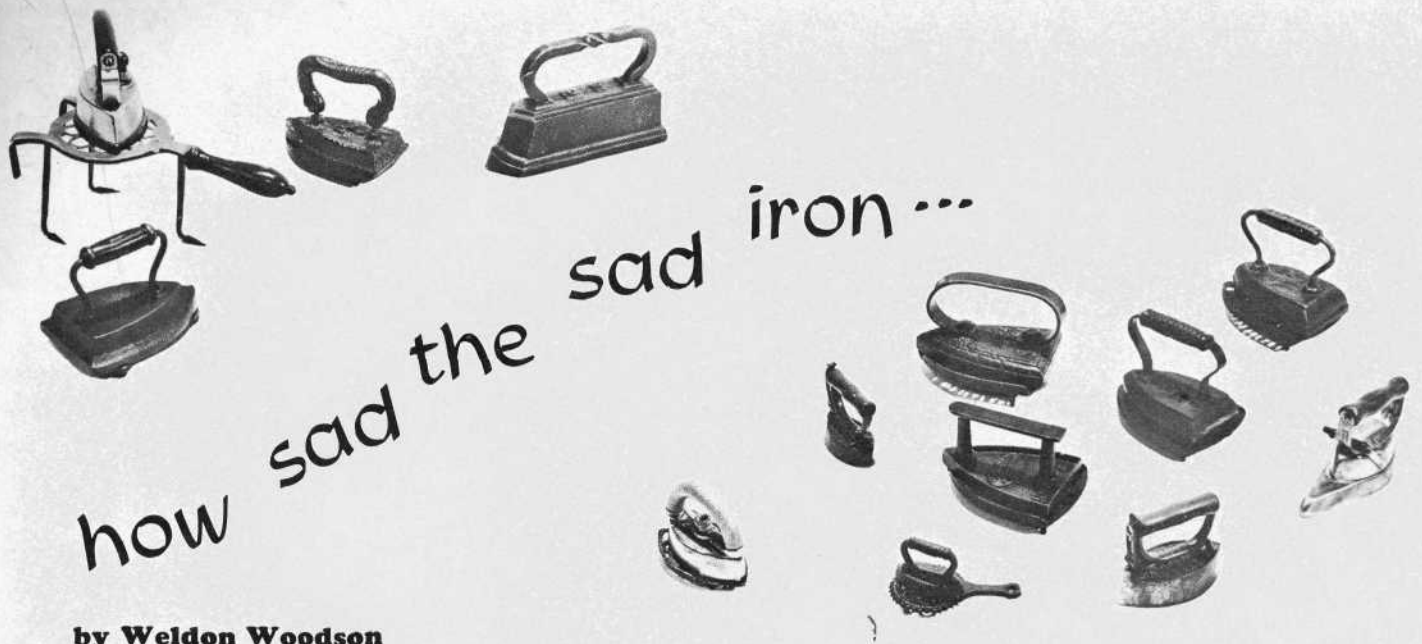
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WHITE'S ELECTRONICS

1011 Pleasant Valley Rd. Room 121
Sweet Home, Oregon





by Weldon Woodson



PAL and Dan Bowlin of Yucca Valley, California, are constantly on a hunting expedition; not in quest of game, however.

Their quest is for the antique sad, or flat, irons which comprise a collection ranging from the English Charcoal Iron, Danish Iron and the American Colonial Type Iron to the Tailor's Iron, Wedding Gift Iron and the French Iron.

When persons hear of Mrs. Bowlin's collection, they always ask about the origin of the "sad" part of "sad iron." This expression dates back to the era of our great grandmothers when the pressing iron was of a weighty and cumbersome shape. Blue Monday signified washday; after that came the ironing when ladies, weary from pushing the awkward device to and fro, associated it with sadness. Hence the nickname, "sad iron."

In most instances these old irons have acquired a heavy coating of rust. To clean them, knock loose the rust with a file or piece of iron and then use a wire buffer on a drill, a bench grinder or a steel brush to acquire a smooth finish. If the iron isn't chrome or nickel-plated, apply black shoe wax; then rub it off. As an alternative, coat the iron with black paint, using a soft cloth, but don't let it shine. Rub to keep rough, then dry.

Frequently the Bowlins have driven as much as 300 miles to negotiate with an antique dealer who had a rare sad iron but often they have made their best discoveries in city dumps, ghost towns and secondhand stores. Friends traveling to Asia and Europe have also acquired unusual irons for their collection.

"In the 30s," Mrs. Bowlin said, "we could buy an iron for 50c to \$2.00. Now they run from \$3.00 to \$65.00, and they are going up." Their longest search was for a Chinese iron of ancient vintage which in 1946, they found in an antique shop in Beaumont, California. The bowl of this particular iron is made of solid bronze, has a flat base and was used in a circular movement. The sides of its bowl are etched with Chinese designs and letters. Within the bowl was placed charcoal, as in a brazier, to provide heat. It originally had an ivory handle upon which were inscribed Chinese characters which told a legend or a portion of the family or clan's history. As the Chinese worked, he repeated the legend in a sing-song voice. The fact that the handle was removed and a wooden handle substituted indicates that the original had very real significance.

One of the most novel exhibits in the collection dates from the California Gold Rush days. Its ironing surface is of shale and limestone. The metal handle was made from part of a wagon rim bolted across to keep it tight. This instrument was heated on a bed of coals. Another prize is a "ribbon and lace iron," which exemplifies the labor saving urge of the period. Cartridge shaped, it measures eight inches in length and weighs 11¼ pounds. It was heated with a piece of metal inserted into the cartridge. The lace and ribbon were drawn over the surface.

The Bowlins also possess a pair of hand fluters. These arose to iron the fluted costumes in vogue before and during the Civil War. The original model

had a grooved base and a grooved top shaped like a rocker, but a later model was equipped with a handle and a revolving fluter. The Bowlins' specimen, manufactured by the American Machine Co. of Philadelphia, bears the date November 2nd, 1875.

Among the collection are three "Mr. Sensibles." Each has a spring steel on the trigger release of the handle, with an open, Model-T-Ford-wrench type grip at the bottom of the trigger. The handle is recessed into the body of the iron, held there with wooden grips supported by metal uprights. The largest and heaviest of the set is made of cast steel, the surface plate tapering from 2½ inches at the rear to ½ inch at the point. The bottom is shaped like an elongated tear drop, the long end rounded. Its designer fashioned it especially to press pleats and ruffles.

A find with a title which affords a clue to its period is the "Leg-O-Mutton Iron." This, obviously, came out when fashion featured dresses with the leg-o-mutton sleeve. It is shaped like a small wooden Dutch shoe. Another exhibit with a name to peg its date is the Celluoid Iron. Its invention was a concession to the male around the turn of the century who embellished himself with the ultra-fashionable celluoid collar. The instrument for pressing this adornment was semi-collar shaped with a wooden handle.

To the Bowlins, their sad irons are not just pieces of steel. Each one is something a pioneer housewife owned, cherished and the strenuous homemaking efforts of used—an antique to be preserved to honor Early Americana. □

This portion of a water wheel used in Angel's Camp's mining operations is mounted in front of Angel's Camp Museum.



Scarcity of Angels

by Barbara and Warren Transue



IT WASN'T a band of winged heavenly inhabitants for whom Angel's Camp in California's Mother Lode country was named. It was a very earthly creature known as George Angel who, in the summer of 1848, discovered gold in a creek which ran through the little community. Nevertheless, Angel's Camp became a heaven on earth to hordes of gold-hungry prospectors who answered to the call of gold.

Angel's Camp, 1500 feet in altitude, is tucked into the heart of Calaveras County. It was, indeed, the setting for Mark Twain's immortal tale, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.* Twain, a wanderer at heart, had made his way to the Gold Country and was spending a week at Tryon's Hotel—later destroyed by fire, but replaced on the same site by the present Angel's Hotel. It was at Tryon's that the bartender, Ben Coon, supposedly related the jumping frog story which the author later converted into a classic of American fiction. In celebration of the fame which Twain's frog brought to Angel's Camp, the town holds a three-day festival every spring with a frog-jumping contest as the climax. Frog symbols decorate the town and appear on bumper stickers and souvenirs far and wide. Twain's biggest complaint about Angel's Camp was the French restaurant's bad coffee, which he called "day before yesterday's dishwater." With more grace he tolerated the daily fare of chili beans.

Writer Bret Harte also made the Mother Lode famous in fiction. He spent about two months in the area from Angel's Camp south to Table Mountain in 1855 while looking for a school at which to teach and panning a little gold along the way. He used the locale for *Mrs. Skaggs'*



Husband and The Bell Ringer of Angel's. Critics agree, however, that Harte's work showed little intimate knowledge of the country or its mines; as a matter of fact, he freely transposed geographic names and places to suit his stories' convenience, thus giving historians no end of trouble in their efforts to pinpoint and relate his locales and activities. Bret Harte was too late for the big rush. His stories are of the mid-50s when a flavor of decay hung about the mining towns.

A number of the landmarks of the early days still remain: Selkirk House, Angel's Hotel, Stickle Store, Scribner's Store—although the theater where Edwin Booth once trod the boards has long since disappeared. Also still on hand is the famed Utica Mine which originally sold for next to nothing and turned out to be a multi-million dollar producer. Unusual street names catch your eye—there's Finigan Lane, Hardscrabble Street, and Raspberry Lane, the latter named for a colorful character called Bennager Raspberry. Raspberry allegedly discovered a rich vein of gold when he shot out the jammed ramrod of his gun to dislodge it. The ramrod stuck in the ground at the roots of a manzanita bush. When Raspberry pulled it out he found clinging to it a piece of quartz glittering with gold. From this fabulous vein he took \$7,700 in three days!

Two objects vital to Angel's Camp's later economy are still present and are important points of interest for visitors. One is the Undershot Water Wheel at the south edge of town. It was built on the spot where it now stands to operate an arrastre, or ore-grinding mill. This picturesque iron giant is the product of a foundry in nearby Altaville. Its manufacturers operated one of the oldest foundries in continuous existence—over 100 years; in fact, the company manu-

factured cannon before the Civil War.

The other important oldster is "Jenny," on view in front of the privately-operated Angel's Camp Museum. "Jenny" is a wood-burning locomotive carrying 180 pounds of steam. Her boiler was made in Scotland. "Jenny" was built in 1876 by Lane, Owen, and Dyer of Illinois for mining operations in Placerville. In the '90s, "Jenny" was purchased by N. A. and J. E. McKay, and came to Angel's Camp under her own power. Two wagons loaded with rails were hooked up to her and were pulled at night up Murphy's Grade, scaring numerous teams of horses in the process. The parade came through Murphys, nine miles from Angel's Camp, at two in the morning and aroused the whole town from its slumber.

A local blacksmith shop changed "Jenny" into a logging locomotive, an innovation violently opposed by loggers using ox teams. One such driver attempted to outlog "Jenny," but in his haste got careless and was killed. "Jenny's" logging days ended in 1904, but she poses in splendor at the museum for tourist's cameras.

The museum itself is a must for visitors interested in the lore of the Mother Lode. Among other things, it contains a vast



collection of mining equipment, a large and beautiful rock and mineral display, and one of the most extensive collections of hand-painted pitcher and basin sets in the United States.

Today, bright neon signs and Venetian blinds combine with iron shutters and false fronts to present a unique blend of Gold Rush Days and modern California. Angel's Camp saw some pretty lusty times in its heyday, and it never did completely belie its name. It was truly Seventh Heaven to the '49ers who struck it rich, as it is today to travelers seeking authentic western lore. □

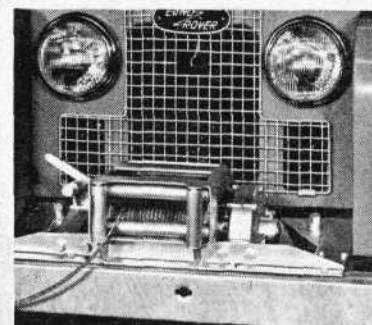


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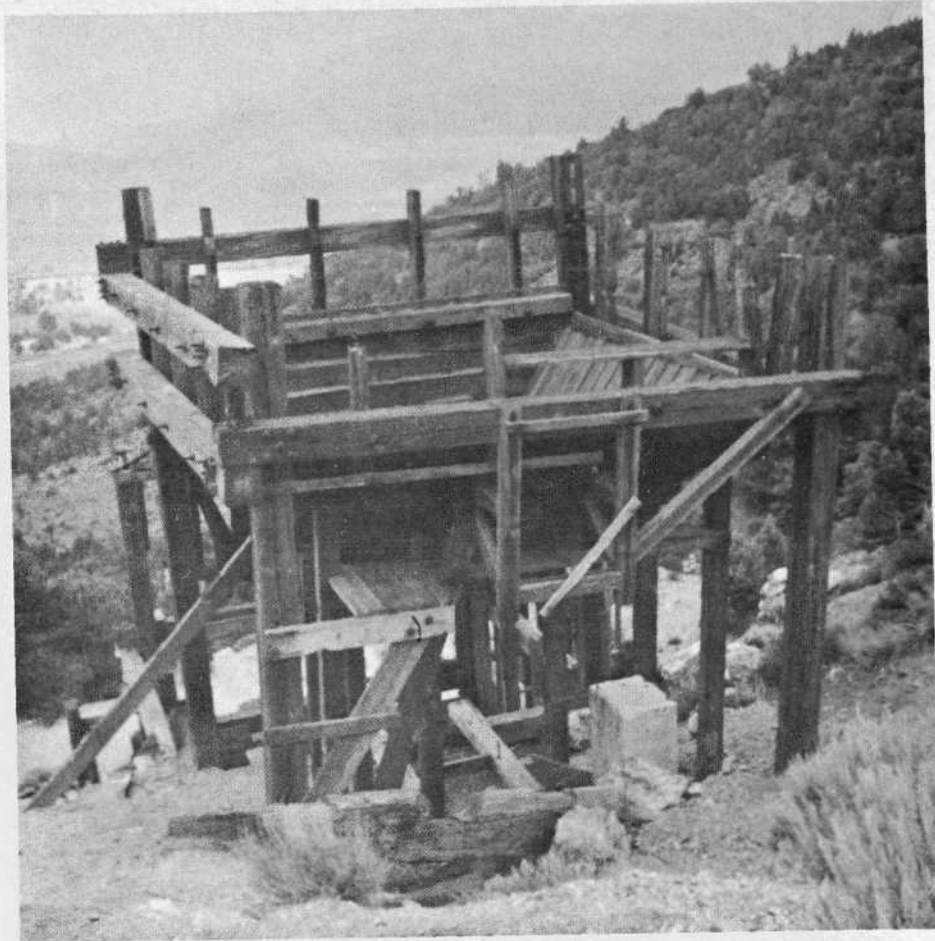
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Gold Of Holcomb Valley

by Kay Ramsey



Lucky Baldwin's Doble Mine.

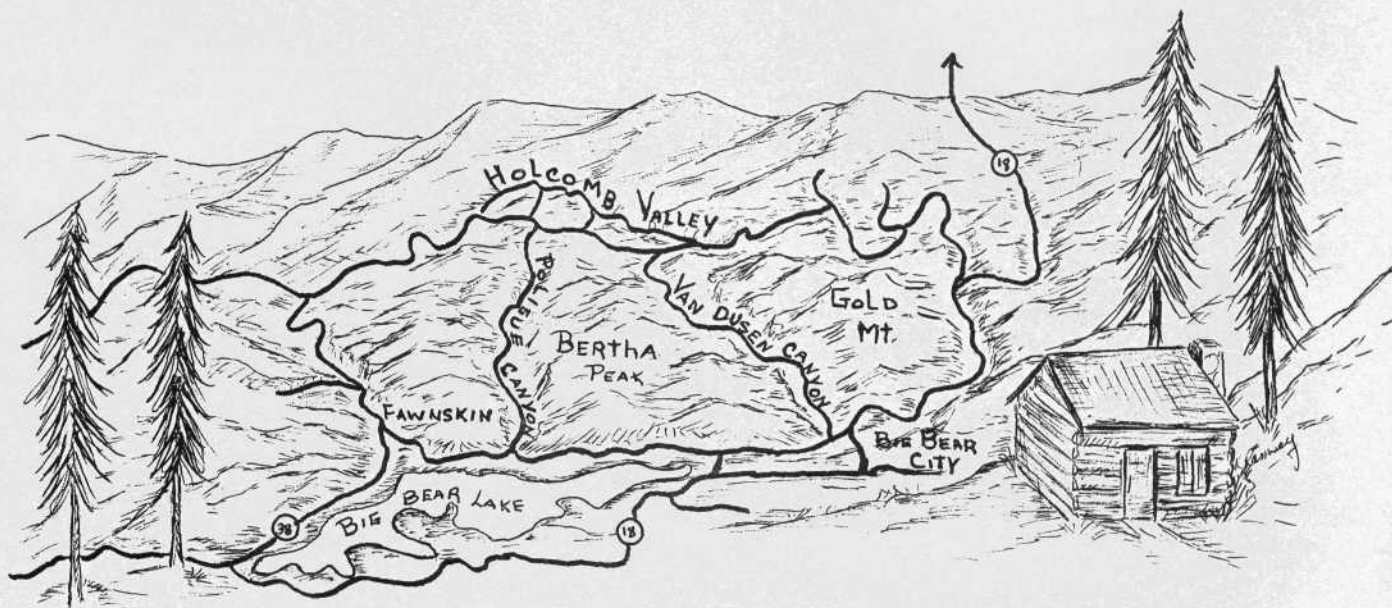


FEW MILES above Big Bear Lake in the pine-covered San Bernardino Mountains lies a remote area aptly called "Historic Holcomb Valley."

It was the scene of a small-scale gold

rush in the 1860s and today abounds with relics of its boisterous past.

This high-mountain valley was first discovered in the spring of 1860 by William "Billy" Holcomb. According to legend, he was tracking a wounded grizzly from Bear Valley up into the mountains



when, quite by accident, he discovered something else. He was resting in the shade after his long climb, idly running his fingers through the loose gravel at his feet, when suddenly he realized the gravel was flecked with gold. The grizzly was forgotten and Billy rushed back to Bear Valley to tell his friends the exciting news. They scrambled back up the mountain and soon had a small placer mining operation going in Holcomb's Valley.

Before long, word of the operation drifted down into the Mormon settlement of San Bernardino. Billy and his friends found themselves swamped by an influx of people. More than a thousand miners are said to have been on the grounds at one time during the boom.

Belleville, named after the blacksmith's daughter, sprang up on the edge of a small meadow near the diggin's, and by a narrow margin missed the honor of becoming the county seat of San Bernardino County. A raw and ready gold town, its Hangman's Tree, conveniently located just outside the city limits, still bears witness to the town's reputation. The sawed-off branches of the ancient juniper are supposed to equal the number of badmen who met their fate there at the end of rope. Only a crude mule-powered ore crusher and scattered rubble indicate the remains of Belleville today.

Another tree in Holcomb Valley marks the site of Belleville's sister city, Clapboard Town. Here The Tree of the Living Cross has a huge cross carved upon it which commemorates the fatal duel of two oldtime miners, Charlie the Chink and Greek George. Charlie accused Greek George of jumping his claim. Those were fighting words in those days and, whether true or not, they led to a savage knife fight in which both men were losers. They were buried nearby.

Perhaps the most infamous episode in the valley's stormy history was the slaying of Jed Van Dusen in the early '60s. It also started a first-rate lost mine tale which persists to this day; and one that might bear further investigation. A steep canyon, now bearing Van Dusen's name, runs below Bertha Peak from Holcomb Valley down to Bear Valley. It was somewhere within its rugged precipices that Jed Van Dusen and his partner are said to have found a rich vein. They mined secretly and soon collected a fortune. One day the partner, saying he had all the gold he needed, bade Van Dusen farewell and departed for parts unknown, leaving Jed behind to work the claim alone. A short time later Van Dusen was found

murdered in his cabin. His murderer was never captured, nor his fabulously rich mine ever located, although the search for it has continued for almost a century.

Not far from Van Dusen Canyon is the site of a gold strike that certainly wasn't lost. It was E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin's Doble Mine, one of the best gold producers of the area. Today its gaunt superstructure still stands on the side of a high bluff. It can be reached by a dirt road that leads upward into Holcomb Valley. Here one finds a strange mixture of pine cones and cacti amid the pink-streaked quartz of its tailings. At the foot of the bluff lies what is left of the gold town of Doble, bits of broken glass, rusty tin

cans, mounds of debris and a cemetery covered with weeds.

An excellent public campgrounds is maintained by the Forestry Service near the meadow where Holcomb made his gold strike. There are 16 camping units, picnic tables and stoves, but water is not available and campers are advised to bring their own. Also maps of the entire area may be obtained from the Forestry Service.

Other relics of the short-lived boom dot the valley. All are reminders of the days when gold and glory were here for the taking and all a man had to do to gain wealth beyond his wildest dreams was face the icy blasts of winter, the hostility of the rugged terrain, and the cantankerous nature of his own counterparts. □

Desert Journey

by Myrtle Myles



Ruins of old bakery at Gold Mountain



Ruins of San Antone Station built in 1800



OMEWHERE in the desert southwest of Millers, Nevada, and only a few miles from the abandoned track of the Tonopah Railroad, is a pile of rocks, the tumbledown walls of an old cabin. Here nearly a century ago was located the only watering place between San Antone Station at the end of Smoky Valley, and the southern mining camps of Silver Peak, Lida and Gold Mountain. When or by whom the cabin was built (and the well dug) is now unknown, but the place was called Desert Wells and for many years was in considerable use by travelers. For a short time in the early '70s it was a night stop for the "pony" rider carrying mail from Minnium's Station (in Smoky) on the Austin-Belmont stage line to the southern camps. Later it was used by cattle and sheep men wintering stock in the desert.

To reach Owens Valley, California,

from central Nevada, now a matter of only a few hours over paved roads, was a five-day trip by team half-a-century ago. Lone Mountain, a longtime landmark, stood out boldly to the south and Desert Wells, with water for the teams, was a little to the west. Travelers camped at San Antone on the first night, at Desert Wells on the second, and the third day they made it to Gold Mountain where there was a settlement and a store. From there they crossed the California line at Oasis and continued on through Deep Springs and over Westguard pass, then a toll road, to Big Pine in Owens Valley.

Bottle hunters and relic collectors today might still find bonanza by picking out this old trail and exploring the camping spots along it. They might, also, momentarily turn back the clock to the days weary travelers laughed with relief when, at last, they came to the well where they could water their horses and know they were safely on the road to California. □

THE LEPRECHAUN'S TREASURE by George Thompson



HE COLD wind whistling across the rocky summit of Treasure Mountain only added to the chill of the neglected cemetery lying in the shadow of the peak. A more forlorn place than the windswept graveyard and crumbling ruins of nearby Treasure City high in Nevada's White Pine Mountains could

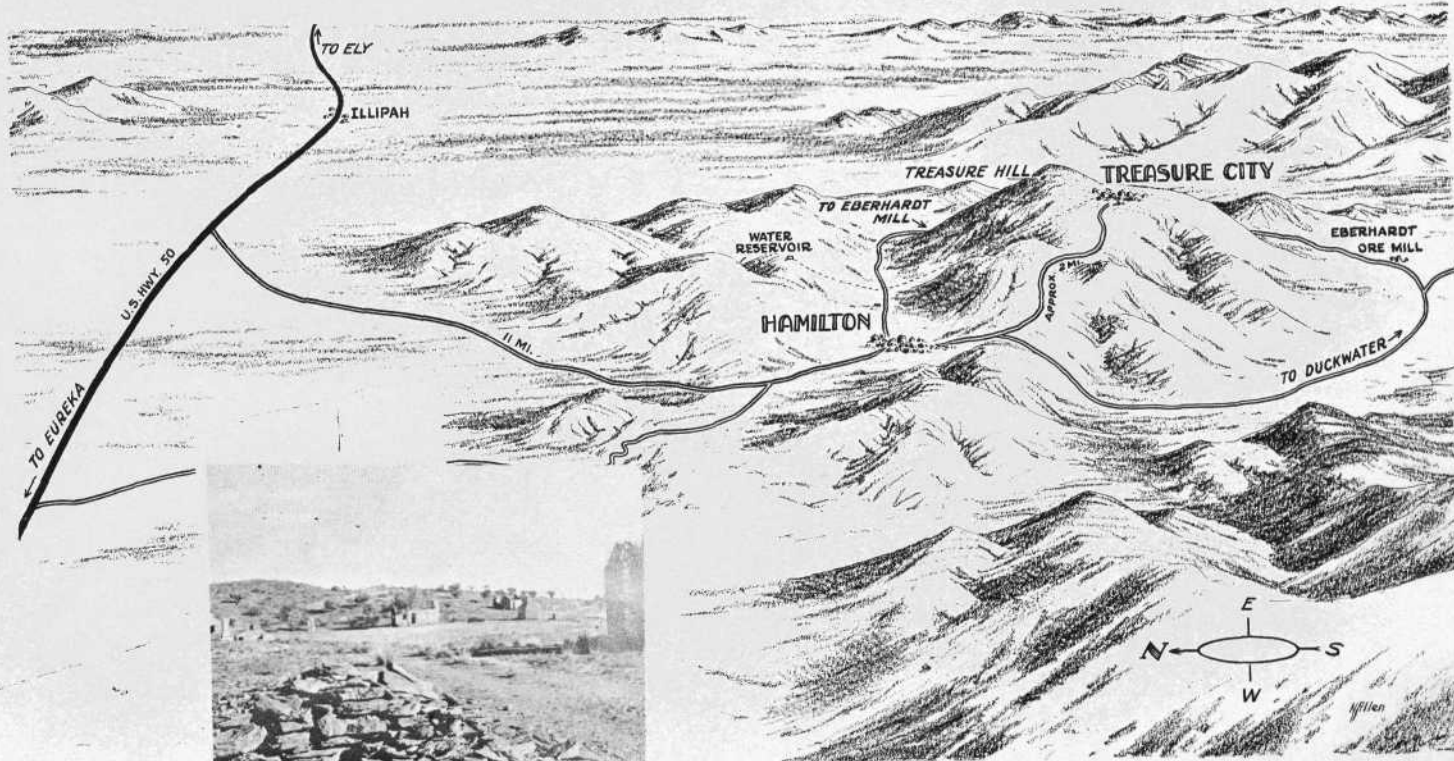
hardly be imagined. Desolation had not always been Treasure Mountain's lot, however, for 90 years ago 7000 people lived and worked on those barren ridges. And twice that number inhabited Hamilton City, three miles away and 1500 feet lower.

The closing years of the Civil War found an ever-increasing number of prospectors searching the Great Basin for the

leprechaun's treasure. Among the searchers were A. J. Leathers, T. J. Murphy, and Edward Marchant, a trio who had been prospecting in the White Pine Mountains for several years and had found several outcrops of ore and enough encouraging leads to keep them looking for a big strike. When their lucky break finally came, it was not because of their skill in prospecting, but because Leathers had befriended a hungry Indian who retaliated by showing him a place near the summit of Treasure Mountain where winter winds had blown the high ridges free of snow and exposed an outcrop of high grade silver.

On January 4, 1868, Leathers staked the outcrop as the Hidden Treasure claim. Its richness soon brought a stampede of miners into the area and within the next two years over 13,000 claims were filed! One of these, the Eberhardt, had ore valued at \$1000 per ton and during its operating years produced silver valued in excess of \$3,000,000. One boulder of silver weighing six tons and valued at more than \$100,000 was discovered and was the largest single mass of silver ever found.

Treasure City grew up around the rich claims atop the mountain and Hamilton rose almost over-night in a sheltered basin below it. The mill towns serving



the mines were built beside the small creeks in the canyons below the peak. Shermantown achieved a population of 7000 by 1870 and Eberhardt 5000. Shermantown's booming business district included five mills, two newspapers, the usual general stores and livery stables, plus an uncounted number of saloons, while Eberhardt and Swansea were not far behind in either size or industry.

But it was at Treasure City and Hamilton that the Midas touch really existed, at least for a time. With a seemingly endless hoard of the leprechaun's treasure, no luxury was spared. The hand-cut stone building of the Wells-Fargo Company at Treasure City was as fine a structure as could be found in Nevada, and the elegant Withington Hotel at Hamilton was without rival. The general stores—Carpenter & Reilly and Porminicos—catered to every human need, with prices ten times those of the railroad center in Elko, 140 miles to the north. When Hamilton was made county seat of newly organized White Pine County, prosperity seemed assured. But the fickle gods who control the fate of mining camps had other plans.

After only a few years the high grade surface ore gave out. Shafts were sunk deeper, but the ore value decreased as expenses multiplied. Most of the mills were inefficient California type stamps which could not profitably process the lower grade ores and soon only the richer mines were operating. To add to their troubles, both Treasure City and Hamilton suffered disastrous fires that destroyed large sections of business and residential districts. With fewer mines operating and idle miners leaving for other camps, it was left to Washington to impose the final indignity. Under the delusion that there were unending mountains of solid silver in Nevada, Congress passed a demonitization act removing silver as the monetary basis. Each succeeding month, silver prices dropped and more mines closed down. The infamous act became known to miners of Western camps as "the crime of '73." Treasure Mountain received its coup-de-grace at the hands of politicians!

Today a good dirt and gravel road leaves US-50 west of Ely and climbs through the White Pine Mountains 10 miles to Hamilton. But heavy snows and howling winds of a half century have taken their toll and time has not been kind to the old camps on Treasure Mountain. Still, they are a remnant of the past and a link with the boom times that gained Nevada the name of the

Silver State. Although abandoned, Hamilton is a place of interest for summer ghost town chasers, although the ghosts themselves seem to avoid the forgotten cemetery which clings to the steep slopes of the mountains. Not a name remains on the decaying wooden headboards.

The cemetery was located on the rocky slope after high grade ore was found at more likely spots while graves were being dug. One corpse was moved three times to make way for new claims! Today, on the deserted streets and in the abandoned ruins old coins, often gold, are occasionally found by searchers using metal detectors, although 'Skeeter' Davis, a friend of mine, found numerous coins last year by screening the top soil of the streets. Judging from the number of bottles which were discarded, the miners must have existed on a near liquid diet! Early this Spring I watched a retired couple from California recover four champagne bottles, two large wine jugs, and over a half dozen smaller bottles, all of the old hand blown type, from a trench only three feet long and a foot deep.

There are even stories of buried treasure and hidden high grade in the canyons around Shermantown and Eberhardt. But whether you seek treasure or relics, are a photographer or rock-hound, or just enjoy poking around the old mines and ruins, these old camps are places of interest. Where once the sound of the stamp mills echoed through the canyons, only the hoot of an owl now breaks the silence. There is little company today for the Ghosts of Treasure Mountain. □

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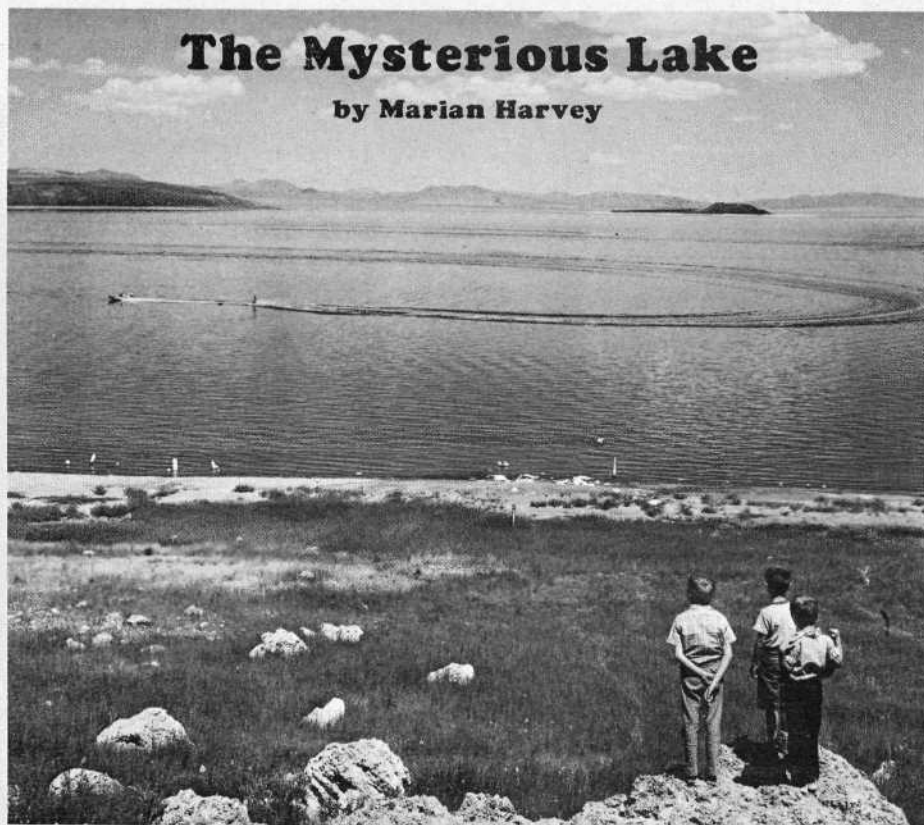
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The Mysterious Lake

by Marian Harvey



LIVING in the uppermost region of California's vast desert land is a strange inland sea called Mono. This third largest body of water in California, Mono Lake, lies in bleak grandeur at the eastern foot of Yosemite National Park's twisting Tioga Pass.

In his book, *Roughing It*, describing his journeys in the West, Samuel Clemens calls Mono Lake one of the strangest spectacles on earth. "Mono Lake lies in a lifeless, treeless, hideous desert, eight thousand feet (6,409) above the level of the sea, and is guarded by mountains two thousand feet higher, whose summits are always clothed in clouds. This solemn, silent, soundless sea—this loneliest tenant of the loneliest spot on earth—is little graced with the picturesque," he wrote.

Yet, Mono Lake is picturesque in a weird, unearthly way. Its gray, sluggish water, saturated with alkali, is beached by jagged white alkaline deposits. Two barren islands rise from the torpid water. The largest, Paoha, sends eerie clouds of vapor over the surface of the still lake from its unceasing hot springs. Nearby a cold spring bubbles. A herd of once domestic goats, left there years ago by its former inhabitants, roam this lonely island. The smaller island, Negit, is a volcanic crater. Its solo inhabitants are seagulls who come annually to nest, 100

miles east of the Pacific Ocean. The gulls of Negit are protected by the State of California.

No other life exists in Mono Lake, except a small salt water shrimp, white and feathery, and the larva of the small ephydra fly. One source states that the Mono Indians who once lived here were called *Monachi*, meaning fly people, as they existed on the pupae of this fly. There is doubt whether this diet was considered a necessity or a delicacy, and whether the Indians were Mono or Paiute. There are no fish, no frogs, no other life beneath the calm surface of Mono Lake. Except for the sea gulls, only wild ducks skim its glass surface.

Mono Lake has no outlet; no water flows from it, although a few small streams flow into it. Its level is receding now because of diversion of water for the Los Angeles Aqueduct long before it reaches Mono Lake. Early observers state the water level appeared then neither to rise nor fall. Where the water went was a mystery.

There is little information on Mono Lake in gold rush or travel literature. In 1852, 46 years before Samuel Clemens mentioned it, gold was reportedly discovered near Mono Lake by soldiers in pursuit of Indians. It was these soldiers who, at that time, also discovered Yosemite Valley. Nothing ever came of the discovery at Mono Lake, but the beauty of Yosemite Valley lured others who came

and fought to preserve it for everyone.

Mono Lake figured in the story of *The Lost Cement Mine*, a vein of cement-like rock full of gold. Samuel Clemens saw a piece in 1862 and reported, "Lumps of virgin gold were as thick in it as raisins in a fruit cake." The Lost Cement Mine was found and re-found through the years. But each discoverer met with foul play, or could not find it again.

When gold miners began mining on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada, Mono Lake again gained attention. With the need for lumber to build new camps, lumber was transported from the Mono mills on barges to the northeast end of the lake. From here it was loaded onto teams and taken to the roaring mining camp of Bodie (now a National and State Historical Monument) 16 miles northeast of Mono Lake. Then, in 1881, with the completion of a narrow-gauge railroad called the Railroad in the Sky, commercial transportation on Mono Lake was no longer necessary, but stories are still told about how Chinese cooks during the lumbering era cleaned silverware by merely dipping it into the lake's corrosive waters.

Descending glaciers formed Mono Lake 20,000 years ago. Volcanic action contributed to the strange, silent land surrounding it. A few miles south, ash heaps of pumice rise gray and forbidding. In nearby Inyo National Forest lie the Mono Craters.

Winters are severe. An old timer states, "Only one who has experienced winters here can realize how the fury of the blinding snow, driven by the wintry blasts, can sweep those barren slopes. Nor can one imagine the depth of snow which can pile up in a few hours." Winter temperatures are often below zero.

Samuel Clemens wrote that Mono Lake lay off the usual routes of travel. This is still true. The spectacular passes through Yosemite National Park, in addition to other passes between Reno and Bakersfield, are closed in winter. Mono Lake is 25 miles south of Bridgeport and 70 miles north of Bishop, California. Lee Vining is Mono Lake's nearest town. U. S. 395 passes Mono Lake on its long, lonely way down the length of California's eastern side.

Camping and picnic sites, as well as a boat-launching ramp, are available at Mono Lake. Nearby camping facilities are in the Toiyabe and Inyo National Forests, which almost surround the Mono Lake region.

"Mono Lake," concludes Samuel Clemens and probably anyone who has seen it, "is one of the strangest freaks of Nature to be found in any land." □

Incident at San Miguel

by Peter Odens

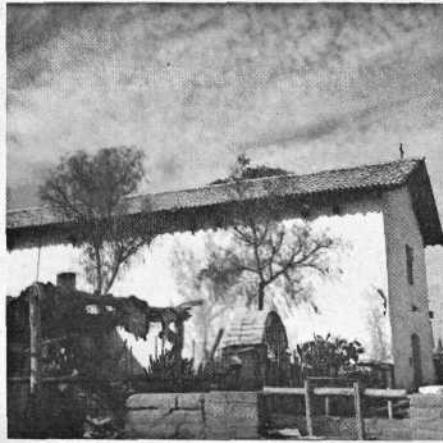


ILL Reed was a sailor who came to California from England in 1846 and purchased the Mission of San Miguel Arcangel for a home. Often he boasted of his possessions—his beautiful wife Maria Antonia Vallejo, their little son, their mission home and most of all, gold he claimed to have mined himself. How this lie was to cost his life and that of his loved ones is one of the bloodiest chapters of California history.

During the summer of 1795, Padre Buenaventura Sitjar, a Franciscan missionary, had explored the region between San Luis Obispo and San Antonio as a possible site for the 16th mission to be founded in California. The missions were to be spaced in such a way that each was about one day's journey from the next. Two years later, on July 25, 1797, the mission was formally founded and for the next several years building was added to building and the Mission San Miguel Arcangel took shape. But in 1836, the missions were secularized by a decree of California Governor Pio Pico. In 1845, Reed was able to acquire the mission for a paltry \$300. His partner in this enterprise was a rancher, Petronillo Rios, whose niece was Reed's wife.

Reed set up a store in the mission and when gold was found in California he did a good business with the miners passing through the Salinas River Valley. Eventually, Reed and Rios decided to follow the call of the gold. They weren't very successful, however, and soon Rios suggested they return home and profit from the heavy traffic of miners through the valley.

The winter of '49 was cold and wet and among the men who went in search of gold were unsavory elements who stole horses and mules and killed cattle for food. After Reed and Rios each had acquired only one small bag of gold for their labor in the mines, they returned home and once again Reed took over the management of the store while Rios tended to the ranch. One evening five men arrived at the mission, deserters from a British warship in Monterey harbor who



had met Reed in the gold mines. Unable to find much gold, they, too, had decided that there were easier ways to get rich. Recalling Reed's untrue boasts about how much gold the mines had yielded to him, they decided to look him up.

Reed received them with open arms. He was in a happy mood, for his wife was about to give birth to another baby and the midwife had already arrived, together with her married daughter and a grandchild.

For several days Reed entertained the deserters. When they were about to leave, he poured a farewell drink, for which they paid with a \$20 gold piece. Reed produced his little bag of gold, weighed it to make change and bragged about other, heavier, bags he kept secreted in his bedroom. At that, one of the sailors attacked Reed with an axe, killing him instantly. Then the five set out to find the rest of the gold which they thought Reed had hidden.

Reed's wife, who was just getting ready for bed, the midwife and her daughter and granddaughter were killed by the sailors who could not be bothered by the screams of the women. Reed's three-year old son was dragged from his bed and his head bashed against the adobe wall. A Negro helper rushed to assist his mistress and met a similar fate. But no matter how thoroughly the murderers combed the mission buildings for hidden treasure, they found none.

They came to a room occupied by a

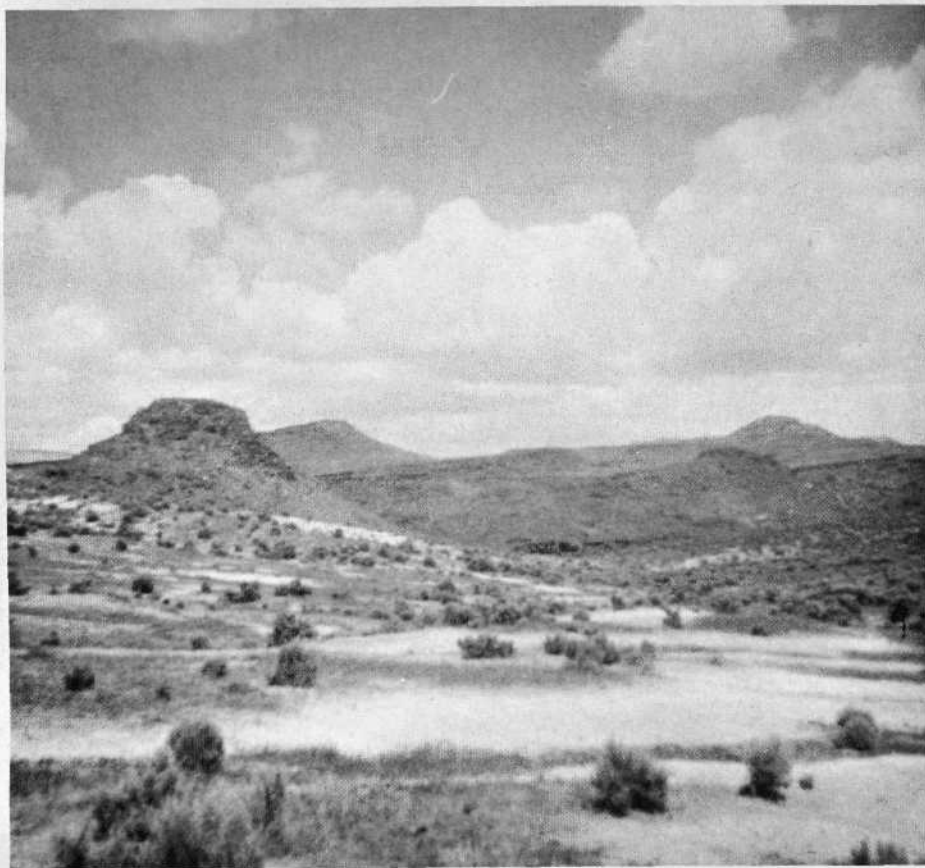
frightened shepherd and his grandson, and when he could tell them nothing about hidden gold, they killed them both. They saw a screaming little boy, just eight-years old, the brother of Maria Reed. The little man had been on friendly terms with the sailors since they arrived and one of them said he could be spared, but the others told him he was too soft-hearted and beat the child to death.

The dead were dragged into the convent living room where the sailors expected to set fire to them, but the sun was rising and the murderers decided to depart before travelers arrived and caught them in the act.

A four-year old tot who had somehow escaped the massacre saw the men ride off in the direction of the coast. The little one staggered toward a neighbor's ranch, but lost his way in the tall mustard weed. Meanwhile, Captain J. M. Price and F. Z. Branch, friends of the Reeds', had stopped by the mission on their way back from the gold fields and saw the carnage. A posse was organized and caught up with the murderers in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. A fierce battle ensued in which the posse lost one man, Ramon Rodriguez, but one of the sailors was killed outright, one jumped into the ocean and was drowned and the other three were captured and hanged.

Before going to the scaffold, one of the murderers asked to be allowed to make his confession and told the whole, sad story. A day later, the tot who had escaped was found wandering in the mustard seed and told of what he had seen. Then this child, too, succumbed to the horror and the exposure to which he had been subjected. The bodies of the eleven men, women and children who died in the massacre were buried in one grave just outside the rear door of the sacristy.

After California had become part of the United States, the missions were returned to the Church and in 1878 a padre was returned to San Miguel. Today the mission is a parish church as well as a house of studies for young men who would like to join the Franciscan order. It remains one of the best preserved missions of California. □



Haystack Butte on the Owyhee desert in Oregon.

The Sheepherder's Lost Gold

by Walt Mykol



OMEWHERE in Oregon's Owyhee desert there is a vein of gold so fantastically rich you would be a millionaire several times over if you were lucky enough to find it. It is called the Lost Sheepherder Mine. Now this is slightly confusing, because it has never been mined and the sheepherder was not lost, but the gold has most certainly been lost for some 50 years.

In 1912 a young sheepherder named Victor Casmyer was working out of a sheep camp about 30 miles south of Vale on the west side of the Malheur river. He became ill of spotted fever contacted from sage ticks, which was common in those days. When he was no longer able to work, the packer, Peter Rambau, packed him into Vale and left him at the livery stable owned by Bill Huffman.

Huffman got him a room at the local hotel and nursed him as best he could,

but Casmyer didn't get better. One day Casmyer tried to tell Huffman about an 18-inch-wide vein of solid gold he had discovered in the desert and how to find it, but Huffman thought the patient was delirious and didn't pay much attention. Finally Casmyer asked him to examine the ore samples cached in his bed roll.

Huffman went back to the stable to work, but that night in bed he remembered some of the things Casmyer had told him about the ore samples. The first thing in the morning he opened Casmyer's bed roll. Instead of ordinary ore, large chunks of almost solid gold met his eyes. He hurried over to the hotel, but Casmyer had died in the night!

Many have hunted for this 18-inch vein of gold, but as yet it has not been found. Some folks say it was covered by water when the dam on the Owyhee was built in 1933 and this is entirely possible, as veins of quartz are exposed when the lake is low. However, there are good reasons to disbelieve this theory. First, Casmyer said he found his gold on the desert. Had it lain along the river, he would surely have pinpointed the location more clearly.

Also, while talking with local residents, I found there were long narrow ranches along the river in those days, but they were cattle ranches. No cattle rancher is about to let sheep run on his range, in those days, nor in any day! Granted, the sheep had to have water and it is possible Casmyer found his vein in a ravine through which he herded his flock to the river, but more often sheep up there were watered at a spring or water was hauled to them in a tank truck.

Lastly, the quartz veins now exposed at low water near the dam have been prospected thoroughly between the years of 1912 and 1933 when prospectors seriously worked the area.

The sheepherder was supposed to have worked in a 20-mile semi-circle on the west side of the river. That would put his travels within 10 to 50 miles south of Vale. This is a lot of country to cover, but there is a nice place to camp on the Owyhee River at the State park and fishing and boating are good when you get tired of looking for gold. It is also good rock-hounding country where unworked veins of opal may be found.

This desert of Oregon's is a large one, covering many, many miles. It is rugged and there are snakes, so keep an eye peeled for them as well as the sheepherder's gold! □

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Rigging for Wilderness Roads

by V. Lee Oertle



THE FIRST time a green-horn trail driver feels the rear end of his car lurch down into soft sand, he'll suddenly wish he'd read a bit more about wilderness roads. Just a few basics can make a great difference. Let me offer a short, quick example of how ingenuity can triumph over mechanical invention.

During an interview with a world-famous engineer for B. F. Goodrich Tire and Rubber Company, concerning the kind of tires best suited for driving over soft terrain, here's what he told me: "... even though we've conducted countless road-tests over all kinds of desert, and even considering hundreds of possible tire designs, I'll say this: *merely letting about half the air out of bogged-down tire* will give it more escape-traction than any tread pattern we've ever found!"

Tires are very important, but they're only one aspect of getting a car ready for remote area roads. Though there are a half-dozen types of special-duty vehicles for off-road travel, passenger cars outnumber them a thousand to one. So here we're concerned with the family car, rather than the backroads machine.

Most of us can't spend as much time in the desert as we'd like, so it doesn't make sense to spend a great deal of money or make expensive modifications for that one purpose. Conversely, a family who makes at least one or two trips a month into remote areas should consider a few changes in equipment. That's a de-

cision each individual must make.

Pay attention to these areas: (a) Don't head into rough-road regions with bad tires. If they need replacement do it *now*. I suggest a switch to the widest tire that will fit your wheels. Extra tread width will increase traction, improve flotation over sand, and provide a more stable ride. Remember to double-check the spare tire. Make sure it is inflated correctly. (b) Change those shock-absorbers! If your car has over 20,000 miles on the odometer, it needs new shock absorbers. They can make an amazing difference in ride-control over rough roads. They'll cut down on excessive tire-wear, too. Worn-out shocks are an invitation to broken springs, front end troubles, blown-out tires, and even bent axles. Naturally, I'm referring to a car traveling over rough roads. (c) Get the cooling system checked before you leave home. Don't depend on a "reverse flush" to do much good. Quite the opposite reaction sometimes occurs. If the radiator has small leaks, it should be removed from the car, repaired, rodded free of debris and replaced. Check radiator hoses and replace those that are split, checked or soft. (d) Storage batteries give us less problem these days, but I wouldn't tackle a long road into Utah plateau country with a weak unit. If you've been plagued with slow-starts recently, better have the battery either recharged to full strength, or insert a new battery altogether.

(e) Give everything a general tightening. Start with the battery hold-down

As this photo shows, the family sedan can go many of the places a four-wheel drive vehicle can go. The secret lies in a blending of good driving and wide, low tires.



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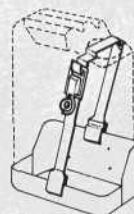
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clamps. Rough roads will jar bolts loose on license-plate brackets, side-view mirrors, and on other hardware. Use a screwdriver and wrench to make sure your car won't leave a trail of disassembled parts!

(f) Carry enough emergency gear to handle common problems. Here's a good start: Two flashlights, one bumper-jack and one hydraulic axle jack, one tow-cable (or chain) at least 25 feet in length (40-feet is better), spare 3-gallon can of water, tire-changing tools, spare fan belt, spare radiator hose, a 5 x 7 ground cloth (to kneel upon while making emergency repairs), a couple of shop rags and a can of waterless hand-cleaner. For good measure, throw in a pair of heavy work gloves, set of fuses and reflector flares, and those indispensables: screwdriver and pair of pliers. Carry a tire-pump to replace air let out of tires when crossing sand.

Carry *quality* sun glasses. The dime-store variety will do just one thing for the wearer: instead of normal colors, he'll see rosy, green, or yellow tints. Cheap sun-glasses do a poor job of reducing the glare, and provide little protection against serious eye-strain. Spend an extra few dollars on approved, high-quality sun-glasses and save your eyes.

Loose-fitting clothing will make driving more enjoyable, particularly over rough roads where the driver suffers more exertion-per-mile. A jug of ice-water up front (at least one gallon) will keep passengers in a better mood throughout the journey. Telling small children to "wait until we get there" won't satisfy their immediate thirst. More than likely, thirsty kids will become irritable first, ill second, in quick succession. A couple of towels will come in handy, too. Lay them across the seat and across the dashboard and steering wheel while you shop, park at restaurants and so on. When you return to the vehicle, roll up the towels and sit down on a cushion that isn't blazing with stored-up heat.

Carry a small roll of adhesive tape in the glovebox. Quite often I've found an annoying glint of sunlight shafting at me from a hood ornament, windshield wiper arm, or even from the inside garnish rails. If you don't block the reflection, eye-strain will follow. Try tearing off a piece of adhesive tape and stretching it over the offending shiny metal. It is easily removed.

The point of all this preparation is simply this: when you reach that first turn-off sign, the thought of the road ahead will be less stultifying. You have taken far better care of your family—and your car—than most drivers of the desert.

A monthly feature by
the author of
**Ghost Town Album,
Ghost Town Trails,
Ghost Town Shadows
Ghost Town Treasures
and Boot Hill**

Gleeson, Arizona

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



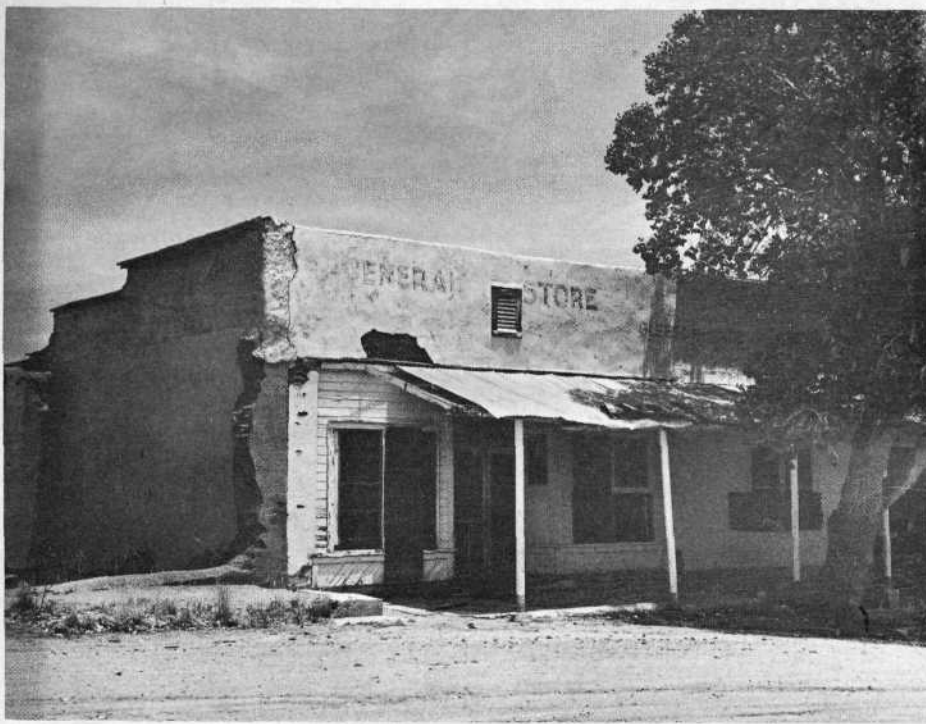
OLOR Me Blue, was the theme for this place, 16 miles east of Tombstone, Arizona, where the Apaches dug for turquoise. When the white

man came, so did conflict that colored the rocks a warmer hue, blood red. Earliest aborigines must have been enchanted with the stones that then lay on the surface of the ground, stones that seemed to reflect the sky. Later, Apache Indians were working shallow surface deposits when the Spanish came on the scene. Although forced to operate their own mines to benefit the invaders, the Indians refused to reveal the location of a richer veins further back in the mountains. After the hated Spanish left the country, there remained a hostile atmosphere soon felt by other incoming whites.

The first of these new arrivals worked the turquoise mines in a desultory way, calling the nearby peak Turquoise Mountain and the little town growing up at the mine simply Turquoise. These men, equipped with explosives, soon exhausted all turquoise veins of any thickness. When they attempted to penetrate the inner recesses of the mountains to search for the thick vein in the matrix, they were set upon by savage Apaches and repulsed. As a result, they abandoned the area and the town died, except for a few individuals who worked the comparatively safe, if meager, fringes.

Then came representatives of the famed Tiffany and Company of New York. At least there is a persistent legend that they came, although the company has denied that it actually operated a mine in the neighborhood. At any rate, the town did spring to new life, flourishing sufficiently to support a postoffice from October 1890 to September 1894. During the later year, the narrow streaks of blue must have disappeared because the town again was deserted.

John Gleeson was a young Irishman who worked in the silver mines of the San Juan Mountains in Colorado until



the panic of 1893 closed them down. He then moved to Arizona and went to work at Pearce, a few miles from the old turquoise camp. The man from the "auld sod" must have liked the alien desert because he spent much of his spare time out hiking. If it was green grass he looked for, he found copper instead, staking a claim at old Turquoise. With the boom that ensued, the town bore his name.

Gleeson enjoyed a long period of prosperity for a mining camp. Although flagging somewhat in 1915, World War I and a demand for copper revived it.

The customary building material of the country was adobe, but the process of laying it was too slow so frame buildings in jerry-built style shot up, some squeezed between the more dignified adobes. A large schoolhouse was built of stone, masonry and adobe combined, and other buildings consisted partially of concrete.

By the time the copper camp had passed its zenith, many fires had eliminated the ugly, out-of-place frame shacks, leaving only the adobe and concrete buildings.

Then owners put the wrecking ball to many of them, including the schoolhouse, and only a shambles remained. At the time of our visit, the only inhabitant we found was a small, bright eyed Mexican boy who said he lived with his grandfather. These two comprised the total population of the town that formerly was populated with 5,000 to 10,000 people.

The urchin appointed himself our guide and showed us all of the sights of the town. Among these was the huge live-oak tree that once served as an emergency jail. Horse thieves and murderers were chained in a ring around the tree until enough miscreants had accumulated to make worth while their transport to Tombstone for trial. Then, with some pride, the boy showed us the jail that was built during one of Gleeson's booms and managed to escape the wreckers. Another to survive is the only complete adobe building, an old store. Although partially in ruins, the "General Store" is in tune with its surroundings and is pictured here for DESERT. □

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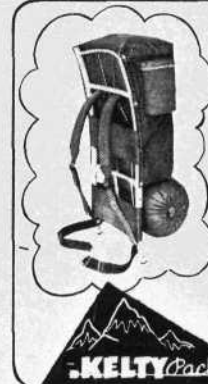
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BACK COUNTRY

COMPILED BY JACK PEPPER

FOUR WHEEL CHATTER . . .

by Bill Bryan

When we invited Bill Bryan, an active participant in state and national 4WD activities, to write a column we told him his material would be edited but not censored, even though his opinions always may not be in agreement with those of Desert Magazine—Jack Pepper, Publisher.

It appears that the back country enthusiasts and dune buggy owners are being hoodwinked again by the State of California.

For 10 years hundreds of us have camped in the "Yuma Dunes" over New Years, and over a period of the last 4 years this number has turned into thousands. Just drive Hwy. 80 from El Centro to Yuma the last week of each year; what you can't see is several hundred outdoors people and families camped "just over the hill" and up the road 4 miles in the area of Ogilby.

Where do all these people come from? The Jack Cooks and Dave Mundsays are from Phoenix, the Barney Nelsons from Yakima, Washington, the Russ Smiths from Salt Lake City, Utah, the Al Jensens from Sacramento, California. Why do these people come to the dunes? To meet all their old friends who have a common interest, to gather around the campfire and discuss the many trips made into the back country since last year, to keep off the freeways and out of the way of the drunks, and most of all just riding around in the dunes and enjoying the thrill of going over that next dune.

For years the California Division of Beaches and Parks have given us lip service and that's about all. For example, look at the Pismo Beach dune area. They attended meetings with representatives of your state and national associations and stated that they would like to cooperate with the thousands of four wheel drive and dune buggy enthusiasts, but when the time comes to allow us equal rights with other conservation groups and organizations, zilch.

Now, in the guise of being generous and trying to please everybody, they propose to spend \$2,092,550.00 to "develop" the dunes area in Imperial County over a 20-year period providing **ONLY FOR CAMPING SITES FOR JUST 73 VEHICLES**. At least this is the proposal entitled "Imperial Sand Hills Project" dated November 1966 and prepared by the California Department of Parks and Recreation.

State and national organizations such as the National Four Wheel Drive Association are in agreement that something should be done to preserve the historic plank road through the Imperial Sand Hills. But why spend more than two million dollars and withdraw 13,000 acres from general use by thousands of people to preserve a road 10 feet wide and 10 miles long?

I believe the basic idea of preserving the plank road is great, but why spend that amount of taxpayers money just to enlarge the State of California's domain. The Federal Bureau of Land Management has had possession of this land for years and they have stated they have no intention of changing its present use for recreation. Who needs campsites at a cost of in excess of \$28,600 each?

If the state of California has that kind of money to spend, why don't they purchase a strip of land from the Mexican border to the Oregon border and allow conservation groups such as the Sierra Club, California Riding and Hiking Club and the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs to map out and construct the trail. This way, if a family wished to take a vacation in the back country he could cover the length of his state. The members of the Fresno Jeep Club have been cooperating with other outdoor groups and the U.S. Forest Service for years in the construction of trails, which in the past year have proved invaluable in fighting forest fires.

In years past it was such a task getting

Truckhaven Road Open

We've heard so many reports about the Truckhaven Road from Highway 86 near the Salton Sea in California's Imperial County to the desert resort of Borrego Springs in San Diego County we decided to get first hand information from the Anza-Borrego State Park headquarters.

Once only a 4-wheel drive road, the new road is being graded and is now passable for both campers and passenger cars, **AS LONG AS YOU TAKE IT EASY**. However, since they are working on the road there are times when a passenger car cannot get through, so you have to take your chances. Four wheel vehicles can get through anytime.

A joint project by Imperial and San Diego Counties, the road will be completely passable for all vehicles this fall and is expected to be paved within the year.

the U.S. Forestry Service and the Bureau of Land Management people to acknowledge that over 300,000 four wheel drive vehicles really exist and that a major portion of these vehicles are used for recreation. Now these Federal agencies are realizing this fact, but the state of California is apparently trying to ignore the fact.

Let's let Governor Reagan and our state representatives know we are outdoors people and don't want to be mollycoddled all the way from birth to death. We don't mind hauling water out to the desert areas and hauling our trash home. We don't need someone to tell us where to go, what to see and where to camp. We want to explore on our own and we don't destroy nor will we disrupt the desert half as much as the engineers who want to make everything so civilized there won't be any wilderness left for anyone to enjoy.

If you are interested in protecting our natural resources why not invest four cents in a post card and send it to: NFWDA, P.O. Box 46153, Seattle, Washington and request the FREE "4 WD Trail Tips." This is a must item for all outdoor users.

TRAVEL



Sound Off!

I am looking for some good prospecting equipment, such as six or eight h.p. rotary drill that COULD be carried into positions off the road. One that could drill to 150 ft. and take cores for sampling. And, other prospecting equipment.

I. V. DANIELS,
1641 North 17th St.,
Abilene, Texas 79601.

My wife and I are trying to plan a overland trip by Jeep from Fairbanks to Nome, Alaska.

We are in need of detailed maps and would like information on prospecting and homesteading.

This is our first trip of this kind so that it would be helpful to have a sponsor. Would appreciate a reply and any helpful suggestions.

ROBERT KNOFF,
Apple Valley, Calif.

The best guide to Alaska is The Milepost, published by Bob Henning, The Milepost, Box 1271, Juneau, Alaska 99801. Send \$1.95 for annual book and postage. If you want it sent airmail, add a dollar.

I have taken Desert for several years and have a jeep and go down in Baja from here every year. In your April issue, page 37, you have a picture and article concerning the Hi-Lift Jack.

I have made local inquiry here, but cannot find one in the stores. Could you possibly give me the address of the company (and name also) who manufactures them in Bloomfield, Ind.

Willis G. Tilton,
Topeka, Kansas.

The address is Hi-Lift Jack Company, Drawer 228, Bloomfield, Indiana 47424. I have one and find it has many valuable uses.

I would like to hear from anyone who would be interested in forming a "Treasure Hunting and Prospectors Club" in the San Fernando Valley.

D. A. Fitzgerald,
14152 1/4 Sylvan St.,
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780-4296.

Congratulations on a positive step toward abating the nuisance of vandalism in "EDUCATE AND PROSECUTE." A heading for that might be: ARE YOU THE KIND OF PERSON OF WHOM WE SAY, "THE DESERT WAS CLEAN TILL YOU GOT HERE?"

Vandalism has many faces. Years ago I queried the chief highway engineer of 35 states, 34 of them answered and cried on my neck; please say or do anything to help us that's humanly possible. My story, the Shooting War On Our Highways was published five times from here to N.Y. It featured horrific photos of mutilated road signs, official reports of tragedy, millions in costs of damage which has to be paid for by other motorists. This and the damage to historic and scenic spots is NOT done by juveniles, nor do they litter camp spots and roadsides with beer cans. It's done by people who spread trash so the place will look like home. It's so nice to feel at home. More power to DESERT'S program.

Howard D. Clark,
Yucca Valley, California.

Just finished reading our latest Desert. We have no favorite sections,—to us, the whole magazine is special.

Mrs. Beverly Lockhart sounds like "our kind of people." We, too, clean up messes left in camp by others. May I give Mrs. Lockhart a friendly hint? The U.S. Forest Service has passed a law against burying cans, etc. Animals dig them up, heavy rains and strong winds uncover them. We burn the labels, flatten the cans and take them with us. Trash cans are available almost every place one goes, but if we do not find one along the way, we haul the cans to a county dump. We feel that if we can pack full cans on our trail bikes one way, we can pack empty flat ones back. We would not dream of burying trash in our back yards, so why in our back country areas?

Mrs. Bertha Northrup,
Springville, California.

Calendar of Western Events

Information on Western Events must be received at DESERT six weeks prior to scheduled date.

INDIAN DANCERS, June 16-25, Mission San Luis Rey, San Diego County, Calif. Navajo, Papago and Pima Indians from Arizona performing seldom seen tribal dances. Five performances daily. Free.

OCEANSIDE HARBOR DAYS, June 17-18, Oceanside, Calif., boat parades, races, festivities in connection with Miss Southern California contest.

PIKES PEAK 4WD Club's annual Khana, June 29 through July 4. Write to P.O. Box 4192, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

NATIONAL 4WD ANNUAL CONVENTION, July 1-2, Yakima, Wash. Write to Route Eight, Box 572, Yakima, Wash.

CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SOCIETY OF AMERICA'S Cactus and Succulent Show, July 1-4, Los Angeles State and Country Arboretum, Arcadia, Calif. Write Box 167, Reseda, Calif. 90335.

OLD MISSION FIESTA, July 22-23, Mission San Luis Rey, near Oceanside, Calif. Spanish dancers, Mexican mariachi players, famed Padre Choristers, Arizona Indian dancers. All entertainment free.

7TH ANNUAL NATIONAL JEEP-ORAMA, July 29-30, Denver Colorado. Write Jeep-Orama, 1148 California St., Denver, Colo. 80204.

NYSSA THUNDEREGG DAYS, August 2-6, Nyssa, Oregon. Field trips to thunderegg beds, jasper and agate fields, Snake River Gem Club Exhibit. Write Nyssa, Oregon Chamber of Commerce for details.

MOUNTAINEER GEM CLUB ANNUAL SHOW, Aug. 5-6, Big Bear City, Calif. Also Old Miners Days.

ALASKAN CAMPER NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, Aug. 13-19, Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Hiking, fishing, float trips, etc. in famous Grand Teton Country. Owners of Alaskan Campers only. Write R. D. Mall Mfg., National Encampment, 9847 Glenoaks Blvd., Sun Valley, Calif. 91352.

DEEPEST VALLEY THEATRE, Aug. 19 thru Sept. 3, near Lone Pine, Calif. Musicals presented in spectacular outdoor natural theater.

COUNCIL OF SAN DIEGO COUNTY GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETIES 4th Annual Swap Meet, Sept. 10, Balboa Park, San Diego, Calif.

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ARIZONA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. large folded map 1881, small early map, 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-E Yosemite, San Jose, California.

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GUIDE TO MEXICO'S gems and minerals: localities, mines, maps, directions, contacts. English-Spanish glossary, too. \$2.00 postpaid. Gemac, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

NEW 7TH EDITION: "Ghost Town Bottle Price Guide"—redesigned, revised, enlarged. Leading western price guide on antique bottles, \$3 postpaid to Wes Bressie, Rt. 1, Box 582, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524.

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A BOTTLE COLLECTOR'S Book and "The Past In Glass" by Pat and Bob Ferraro—two most complete sources available for novice and advanced bottle collectors. Illustrations, checklists, explanations. \$3.25 each postpaid. The Little Glass Shack, 3161-B 56th St., Sacramento, Calif. 95820.

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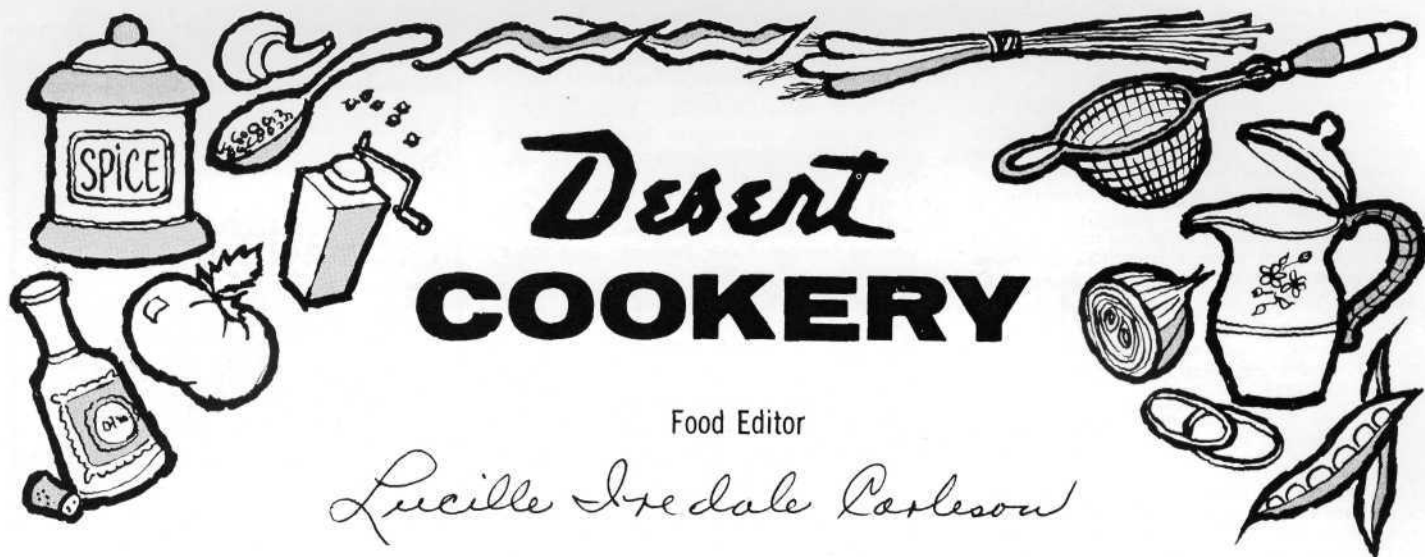
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carleson

CORNED-BEEF SCRAMBLE

- 1 12-oz can corned-beef
- 1 can tomato soup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped dill pickle
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
- 6 hamburger buns

Break up corned-beef and heat with pickle and seasonings in tomato soup. Toast bun halves, pile meat mixture on top. Cover with a slice of American cheese and place under broiler until lightly browned and puffed.

DELUXE CRAB SANDWICH

- 1 can crab meat
 - 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 - 2 3-oz. packages cream cheese
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise
 - 1 teaspoon chopped chives
 - Dash of garlic
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 - $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - Roquefort cheese to taste
- Mix all together and spread on potato rolls, heaping in center. Place under broiler and heat through.

HOT CHEESE AND EGG SANDWICHES

- 4 hamburger buns, split
- 2 cups shredded cheddar cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup catsup
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon minced onion

Mix cheese, olives, egg, onion, catsup, Worcestershire sauce and mustard together and spread on bun halves which have been buttered; top with shredded cheese and place under broiler until cheese is melted and lightly browned and sandwich is hot.

DIVAN SANDWICH

- 4 slices toast
- 1 jar chicken
- 1 package frozen broccoli or asparagus, cooked and drained
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon chopped pimento

Spread chicken over toast slices, top with broccoli and bits of pimento. Heat chicken soup diluted with milk and pour over the sandwiches. Place on a flat pan and put in oven with broiler turned on, but do not put pan close to broiler. Have the rack in the middle of the oven. Leave in oven for 5 or 10 minutes to heat thoroughly. In place of the broccoli or asparagus, you may use slices of avocado and sprinkle top with Parmesan cheese.

AFTER THE SWIM ROLLS

- 8 hamburger rolls
- Split, butter and toast under broiler
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped cooked ham
 - 1 cup diced cheddar cheese
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced green onions
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced pimento-stuffed olives
 - 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dairy sour cream or Imo
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard
 - $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Toss ingredients together lightly, except our cream and mustard. Blend mustard into sour cream and gently blend into mixture. Spread mixture on one half of each roll; cover with top half. Wrap each roll in foil. Heat in 350-degree oven for 20 or 25 minutes, until heated. These may be prepared hours ahead and kept in refrigerator until ready to heat.

HAM AND EGG SANDWICH WITH CHEESE SAUCE

- 1 can Cheddar Cheese Soup—
with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
- 6 slices buttered toast
- 6 slices cooked ham
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Heat cheese soup with milk stirring until smooth. Place slice of ham on piece of toast, top with sliced eggs, and pour over cheese soup. Place in 375-degree oven for a few minutes to heat thoroughly. You may use a cheese sauce in place of the soup.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

UFO's . . .

To the Editor: The article on UFOs in the June issue of DESERT is most interesting, but I would like to make some comments. I follow all the reports on space activities available and I don't recall a report referring to "a geometrical arrangement of lunar pillars . . ." photographed by Lunar Orbiter II. Perhaps I missed it.

The comments about Carl Andersen's going aboard a spaceship are intriguing, but not in the way he meant. Nirvana, the name of the supposed Venusian Princess, is defined in Webster as, "the final beatitude that transcends suffering, karma, . . . and is sought esp. in Buddhism through extinction of desire and individual consciousness. 2. a place or state of oblivion to care, pain, or external reality." Also, the name of Carl's alleged Martian friend, Kumar, sound suspiciously like a modified anagram of the word "karma"—the force generated by a person's actions held in Hinduism and Buddhism to perpetuate transmigration and in its ethical consequences to determine his destiny in his next existence . . . I wonder if Mr. Andersen has studied Buddhism?

According to Frank Edwards, author of *Flying Saucers, Serious Business*, George Adamski has his book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* registered as fiction with the Library of Congress. Some years ago Mr. Adamski and others claiming space visitations were given polygraph tests and none proved to be telling the truth. Unfortunately, there are those who insist on telling tall tales about UFOs; they only succeed in clouding the true facts about this fascinating subject. Although a good analysis isn't possible due to the processes necessary for reproduction, all the pictures shown appear to be fakes because of contradictory lighting, improbable focus variations, etc.

Finally, there is one glaring error in the article. Dr. Hynek is not in charge of the University of Colorado's team of scientists investigating the UFO problem. That investigation is under the direction of Dr. Edward U. Condon, former head of the U.S. Bureau of Standards and now in the Physics Department of the University of Colorado. Dr. Hynek, director of Northwestern University's Dearborn Observatory, has been the Air Force's UFO consultant for a number of years and has been trying to get them to sponsor a valid, scientific investigation for some time. Thanks to Dr. Hynek and others, that investigation is now under way.

As for the long time desert devotees who have not seen any UFOs, I'm not surprised. In nearly 40 years of outdoor activities I've only once seen something I can't explain. That was a group of three white lights traveling in a formation, equally spaced to form a triangle with one light leading and the other two following on either side. They seemed to be very high and no sound could be heard from them in the silence of a crisp, clear winter night in the San Jacinto mountains. The odd part about it occurred when one of the trailing lights began to fall, dropped a short distance, then snapped back into place as the trio continued on. All other outdoor phenomena I've been able to give a possible explanation for; but the actions of that one light, I don't know . . .

I realize the DESERT article was written tongue in cheek, but I just hope no one takes some parts of it too seriously. At any rate, it is interesting to see DESERT present such an article. If any of your readers are interested in keeping up with the latest reliable UFO reports, they should write for information to: National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, 1536 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20036. And if any DESERT readers make legitimate UFO reports to you, here's hoping DESERT will print them. But please, no crack-pot stories; we have far too many of them already.

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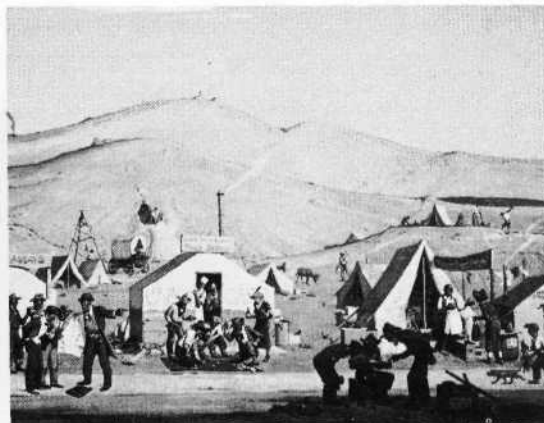
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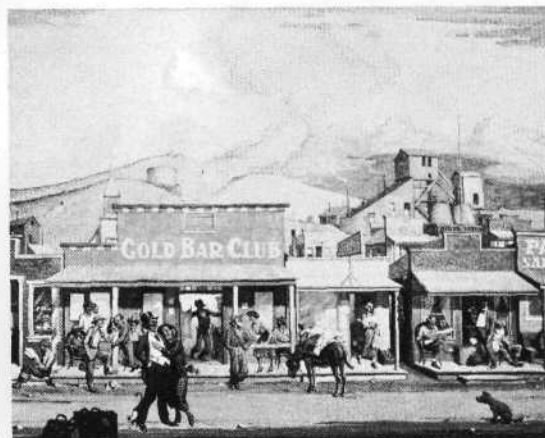
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